CICELY;

OR, THE

ROSE OF RABY.

AN

HISTORIC NOVEL,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

WAS I to read the hiſtory of a perſon ſo diſtinguiſhed as the Lady Cicely, I ſhould turn to the Preface, wondering how her Memoirs could come into the hands of the Publiſher: To thoſe who may enjoy as large a ſhare of the legacy bequeathed to all the daughters of our grandmother Eve, all ſhades, and all complexions, I addreſs the following account, which (if they believe) it will authenticate my veracity through the remainder of the ſtory.

A Confined,

Confined, ſeveral winters ago, to my apartment, by an illneſs, which prevented me for months from ſeeking amuſement from without, I bethought myſelf of a box, which ſtood in an adjoining cloſet, it had been my grandmother's; and I had often heard her ſay, it contained papers of great importance, bequeathed her by her aunt Muſgrave; frequently attempting to ſearch this trunk, I found its mouldering contents too ſeverely exerciſe my patience; but ſetting about accompliſhing my purpoſe ſeriouſly, I carefully examined each paper, in its order, and found they were letters, addreſſed to a lady of the noble family of Lumley; many of them from the Ducheſſes of York and Clarence, Counteſs of Warwick, &c. ſome few from Anne, the Queen of Richard the Third; thoſe the moſt mutilated were written by Edward the Fourth, and all their

their dates were confined between the years 1440 and 1500.

At the bottom of the trunk, amongſt many other papers of ſome importance, were two thick rolls, one of which appeared to be almoſt illegible, whilſt the other was in excellent preſervation, to which was affixed a label, that informed me thoſe papers contained the hiſtory of the Lady Cicely, daughter to the great Earl of Weſtmoreland, and the Counteſs Joan.

On opening them there appeared a letter addreſſed to the aunt Muſgrave I have already mentioned, which was dated 1670, and ſigned Matilda Muſgrave, in which ſhe firſt acquaints her daughter with family concerns and domeſtic anecdotes, but among the principal circumſtances charges her carefully to preſerve

this trunk, which is minutely deſcribed and its contents, all of which formerly belonged to the Lady Matilda Lumley: 'Being,' ſays ſhe, 'written when a child, with my mother, at the Caſtle of Lumley, (which you may have heard me deſcribe, for its beautiful ſituation, on the banks of the river Were, a few miles from Durham) ranging with all that curioſity, natural to my years, through its ſpacious apartments, and examining the tapeſtry of one of them, I felt one of them project from the wall, the hangings were looſe; lifting them the handle of a door diſcovered itſelf, which in vain I attempted to open.

Charmed with the accident I ran to my mother, who quickly followed me back, and pulling from her pocket a key, opened the door; ſhe appeared loſt in thought as we proceeded into a Gothic apartment:

apartment: my attention was ſoon attracted by two pictures: 'Tell me, my dear mother,' I ſaid, 'who does this repreſent?' pointing to one whoſe beauty and ſenſibility of countenance had particularly ſtruck me. 'That is,' replied my mother, 'the Ducheſs of York, who lived during the wars between that rival houſe and Lancaſter; from the latter ſhe was deſcended, ſhe was mother to Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third, and grandmother to the Princeſs Elizabeth of York, who married Henry the Seventh, from whom our Sovereign Queen Elizabeth, is deſcended, and James of Scotland: The other picture is Matilda of Lumley, the choſen friend of the Ducheſs: My mother was brought up by this venerable Lady, at the Caſtle, to whom at her death ſhe bequeathed all her papers, and valuables.

After the death of Lady Matilda, my mother was debarred from the exerciſe of that religion in which ſhe had been carefully educated; in this ſecret cloſet ſhe ſpent much of her time in its duties; it had been the choſen retirement of the Lady Matilda, whoſe name the adjoining room ſtill bears; but when my mother married, ſhe diſobliged the noble family from whom ſhe was deſcended, and never again entered the gates of Lumley.

Irritated at being thus renounced, ſhe reſolved the manuſcript of the Lady Matilda ſhould crumble to duſt, rather than it ſhould fall into the hands of Lord Lumley. Oft with tears would ſhe relate ſome of the random ſcenes her beloved protectreſs had mingled in, oft' repeat her maxims, and 'ere ſhe died, giving me theſe keys, minutely deſcribed this cloſet, earneſtly requeſting

if

if ever in my power, I ſhould endeavour to re-poſſeſs the ſecret contents of this retired cloſet, and urged it as I loved and reverenced her memory. In vain 'till now have been my attempts, as my viſits to the family were ſhort, and only thoſe of ceremony: At length fortune befriended my wiſhes.

I received an invitation for a longer ſtay; it was oft without ſucceſs I ſought for the cloſet, owing, I preſume, to ſome alteration in the paſſage leading to the adjoining apartments. After prefacing this with an awful ſolemnity, ſhe unlocked the beautiful cabinet. 'This,' ſaid ſhe, 'once belonged to the Ducheſs, here are the arms of the Neville's; here are the broom cocks of the Plantagenets, as you may perceive, afterwards added: From this ſhe took many valuable trifles, holding up, among the reſt, a white

roſe; my mother looked wiſtfully on it, and burſting into tears, ſighed out, 'bloody, bloody diſtinction.' At different times I aſſiſted her in conveying away all the papers, when the door was again locked, and our diſcovery paſſed unnoticed; but the following year, James of Scotland ſucceeding Elizabeth, great preparations were made at Lumley for receiving him; the tapeſtry being pulled down the large cloſet was diſcovered, and added to the apartment in which the King ſlept. The letter finiſhes with charges of ſecreſy, which had been ſo faithfully obeyed, that a century muſt have elapſed ſince the papers had been expoſed to day-light.

With eagerneſs I began to peruſe the ſtory of Lady Cicely, but found the ſtyle and the writing ſo unlike any thing we of late have been accuſtomed to, that at

at firſt it failed to intereſt, many names were entirely eraſed, and all had been ſtruck through with a pen; the ſecond part in particular, was ſo injured by damp, that many pages I could ſcarce read one ſentence; however at that time having nothing more important to occupy my hours, leiſure induced me to copy the ſtory; ſhewing the fruits of this induſtry to a friend, he promiſed the next ſummer to viſit ſome relations of mine in the North, 'Go with me,' ſaid he, 'I will then accompany you to the places deſcribed; let us endeavour to find whether or not this narrative was probably written by the Lady Cicely. — True, it ſpeaks of many things mentioned by our Hiſtorians, yet ſuch an air of romance hangs over it, ſo many ſtrange adventures intermingled, I knew not what to believe: Thus, though the Earl of Weſtmorland was Warden of

the Scottiſh marches about 1414, yet no hiſtory I ever read informed me his life was ſaved by Percy; nor is it in the leaſt probable Lewis, Duke of Orleans, long ſurviving his aſſaſſination, at length loſt his life on the ſhores of England.—Then the account given of Lady Warwick—Can we ſuppoſe, if ſuch a character exiſted, that ſo important a charge ſhould ever be committed to her, but that during ſo long an abſence a priſoner of ſuch conſequence as the Duke of Orleans would not be miſſed, in ſpite of all manœuvres to conceal it:—The ſtrange mixture of ſuperſtition, I can better allow for; its influence was then powerful, and thoſe pretended viſions and prophecies might in a great meaſure fix her fate: Eleanor, Ducheſs of Glouceſter was, we know, openly accuſed of witchcraft: a poſitive proof of the ignorance and credulity of the times.'

We

We went our journey at the projected time, and firſt viſited Raby, in vain ſeeking the remains of the Saxon Caſtle, yet we fixed an imaginary ſpot for its ſituation, as alſo the cell of Lord Beauchamp, and pitched upon the apartment, we ſuppoſed Cicely to have occupied It was with mingled ſenſations of pleaſure and reverence we reviewed the ruined Caſtle of Barnard, where once waved the enſign of the Beauchamps, and that of the Nevilles, as well as the ſilver boar of Richard; theſe had riſen in triumph over its ivy-clad towers.

Looking through its broken windows we fully comprehended the beauty of the wild romantic view, deſcribed by the Duke of Orleans: Yet while we were gratified by viewing the remains of its antient ſtrength and grandeur, and felt charmed by the ſurrounding proſpect,

nothing certified to us, here was the ſpot where Richard found the letters of his father—here was the apartment of the Ducheſs of York—this was the place where ſtood the cloſet of the Earl of Warwick.

The neighbouring Monaſtery of Athelſtan ſtill bears the arms of the Fitzhughs, a certain proof they had been benefactors to it; the Caſtle of this antient family beautifully and romantically ſituated on the banks of the river Teaſe, ſcarce preſented us with a veſtige to ſay here Lords and Ladies feaſted, or ſighed at luxuries and love, and its mouldering fragments ſpoke not of the fair Thereſa: The tomb of the family ſtill exiſts in the antient pariſh church of Ranoldkirk.

The river ſtill pouring down the rock, forms a cataract; but no wood adorns its ſides,

ſides, nor could we diſcover any cave large enough for the reſidence of father Ambroſe.

At Lumley we were ſhewn the chamber in which James the Firſt ſlept, and lamented that this honor had deprived us of all certain proof; but looked from a window I ſuppoſed might have belonged to the cloſet of the Lady Matilda, with a degree of enthuſiaſtic pleaſure, and rivited my eyes upon two portraits that might be ſuppoſed, from the ſtyle of painting and elegance of features to be the Ducheſs and her friend.

At Tynemouth, after viewing its light and elegant remains with a kind of ſuppreſſed awe, and imagining we might be ſtanding on the very ſpot occupied by Cicely, above three hundred years ago, we almoſt ſuppoſed ourſelves following the

the monks, ſlowly winding up the hill with their pious burthen, and remarked that it muſt have been on ſuch a rock the veſſel had ſplit—when procuring a perſon to dig before the ſpot where once the high altar ſtood, we diſcovered a tombſtone, on which we clearly made out the inſcription mentioned by Cicely, this was the only proof we could obtain, and deſiſted from going, as we had propoſed, to Hexham, or Hamſuth and Wirkworth Caſtles.

I could hear of no Caſtle on the banks of the Loire, which bore the name of Bidet, the antient Caſtle of Blois, which belonged to the Count, bearing that title; it was given to Lewis, Duke of Orleans, by his father, Charles the Fifth, but it correſponds only in being ſeated on the ſame river.

In

In an antient monaſtery which overlooks a ſmall harbour, on the coaſt of Portugal, a friend of mine was ſhewn the tomb of an Engliſh Knight, whoſe arms he thinks are the ſame as thoſe at Athelſtan Abbey; the date is 1418.

My friends flattering me by ſaying, I was competent to the taſk, urged me to ſet about changing the antique dreſs in which I found the narrative of Lady Cicely, careful of not altering the ſtory, nor deviating from the ſtyle, but to make it merely modern enough to be intereſting, at length I finiſhed it, though not without much pains, and am now enabled to lay it before the public, who, perhaps may think I have been only miſemploying time, or that nature never deſtined me for ſuch a work, however to their peruſal it is now dedicated and their award muſt determine whether

Cicely

Cicely of Raby ſhall be once more admired as a favorite, or ſink again with her aſhes into entire oblivion, unnoticed and forgotten.

CICELY

CICELY OF RABY.

HAD it been poſſible to have refuſed a requeſt made by Matilda Lumley, I would have done ſo, when my beloved friend, at parting, begged me to gratify her fond curioſitd, by giving the regular detail of a life ſhe was conſcious had been chequered by many a ſcene, as ſtrange as various. Alas! already do you know, Matilda, how great have been the ſufferings which oft' your friendſhip has kindly ſoothed; oft' indeed ſhared: — Yes, for you will I retrace times paſt,

paſt, actions long buried in oblivion; to you will I ſpeak of what was once moſt dear; of thoſe whoſe ſad remains the ſenſeleſs earth has long been mingled with; yet in gratifying your curioſity, ſenſibility and friendſhip will have paid too ſevere a tribute, and whilſt you weep for my misfortunes, becauſe you love me, will feel yourſelf fatigued by the dull narration, unenlivened by the graces of deſcription.

Was it not that you wiſhed for a regular hiſtory of my life, it would be needleſs (deſcended as you are from the Houſe of Raby, and almoſt living conſtantly with ſome of its branches for me to ſay) that I was born of a family diſtinguiſhed for its opulence, the number of its retainers, and its ſplendid connexions; that my father, Ralph, Earl of Weſtmoreland, married early in life, the daughter of the Earl of Stafford, by whom he had nine children; by his ſecond wife Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter,

caſter, and his third wife, the Earl was father of thirteen ſons and daughters.

The alliance of the family of Neville was ſought with eagerneſs by each powerful Baron, and the fair daughters of the houſe of Raby were celebrated through every County, while their beauty was the loved ſubject of each minſtrel's ſong; ſome of my ſiſters were nobly ſettled in marriage ere I was born, whoſe connexions ſtill farther increaſed the power of the Earl, and the pride of the Counteſs; both attached to pomp, they lived in a ſtyle almoſt regal; the marriages of my brothers with the rich heireſſes of different noble families, aggrandiſed the Houſe of Neville, which at length became too great for ſubjects.

My infantine years I ſhall trace ſlightly, they were principally ſpent at the Caſtle of Brancepeth and Raby, both in the County of Durham, wandering through their extenſive parks, heedleſs of the future evil, little dream-

ing that thoſe days, gilded by the ſun-ſhine of health and youth, days when care did not intrude to whiſper lurking miſchief, ſhould be the only ones of a long life I would wiſh to recall: Happy, happy days! too ſoon ye fled! Yes, Matilda, even when a mere child was I plunged into adventures that might have appalled the ſtouteſt.

How did my heart bound at the ſummons when I, who was the youngeſt of the family, was ordered to accompany my two elder ſiſters from Brancepeth to Raby; already was the Earl and Counteſs arrived, and my brother Edward with his bride, the fair heireſs of Abergaveny, hourly expected.

The diverſions we eagerly expected, the wiſh to ſee our new ſiſter, occupied every thought, and engroſſed every gaſp of converſation 'till we reached Raby. As yet I had been ſecluded from all but my own family and dependants; too young to mix in the ſplendid circles that aſſembled in the ſpacious

cious halls of Raby and Brancepeth, my heart beat at the ſcenes of pleaſure I fondly fancied were unveiling to my view. Deluſive phantoms of pleaſure and of power, how have you mocked me! continually buzing round a mere pageant of happineſs, that ſcarce ever found its way to my heart.

In the morning I attended my mother, who gave me inſtructions for my behaviour, on being introduced to Lady Abergaveny; impatiently I liſtened to accounts of forms ſo burdenſome; yet, methought, if this be required of me, ere I can join thoſe gay happy circles in which my ſiſters mix, it is trifling to the pleaſure lurking behind them: But, Matilda, ſoon I felt my heart was not formed for ceremony that palled, and that parade the Counteſs doated on.

At length came the day I was to behold the bride, ſix pages announced her approach. The Earl and Counteſs, followed by my two ſiſters, three of my brothers, and myſelf, with

a long train of dependants, met the cavalcade at the park gates; the minſtrels complimented her arrival—Edward advanced with his lovely ſpouſe, and both fell at the feet of Lord and Lady Weſtmoreland, who, raiſing, beſtowed their bleſſings upon them. I was charmed by the manner of our new relation, equally ſo at the idea of ſplendid gaieties that awaited her ſtay at Raby; whoſe hoſpitable gates were thrown open to all ranks, all was a ſcene of feſtivity and joy, each day roſe and cloſed on freſh amuſement.

One morning when the ſun had riſen with peculiar luſtre, (for it was ſpring) gilding each turret of the Caſtle, with his beams. Eleanor and I were tempted to ſtroll into the park by ourſelves, ſlowly we were on our return marking the tender foliage, and gathering the burſting bloſſom of the early primroſe, and unobtruſive violet, when the ſound of a horn made us ſtart; ſcarce could we turn round ere a page threw himſelf off his horſe, and kneeling gracefully, demanded if the Caſtle he

he ſaw was not that of Raby? Before we could anſwer, we beheld, mounted on a beautiful ſteed, an elegant youth, and beſide him an aged warrior, on whoſe arms was emblazoned the Croſs; he ſeemed to be overpowered by fatigued; the youth diſmounted, and advanced towards us, with a grace and dignity ſuperior to any thing I had ever ſeen, although all the noble youth of the North had lately been gueſts at Raby. "Ah! he exclaimed, you can be no other than daughters of the Houſe of Neville, for ſuch your mien beſpeaks you; pity, ah! pity an unfortunate wanderer,—thoſe fair forms cannot be void of feeling; outcaſt from friends, and fortune, you behold the Heir of Northumberland, the ſon of Hotſpur, come to claim the protection of the Earl of Weſtmoreland."

Eleanor, who was tenderneſs itſelf, begged him to proceed with the aged Knight to the Caſtle; who, endeavouring to diſmount, in order to pay his reſpects to us, fell to the ground, nor was it in the power of Percy to raiſe

raiſe him: "Alas! he cried, my venerable friend, why did your zeal for me expoſe you to this; what perils yet may ſurround us!"— "No, returned the ſinking warrior, I dread no further danger, now we are in the domains of Lord Weſtmoreland, I ſhall die contented; I have fulfilled my promiſe, no longer can this feeble arm be raiſed in defence of your houſe; my noble friend will grant you an aſylum; nor do I doubt the clemency of Henry will reverſe the attainder, and reſtore again its antient luſtre to the Houſe of Percy.

Amazed at what we heard, we ſeemed deprived of exertion; 'till I cried to Eleanor, let us haſte to the Caſtle, ere it is too late, and ſend aſſiſtance. Our feet ſcarce ſeemed to touch the ground, animated by the romantic appearance of this little adventure; we ſought the Earl (after ſending ſervants to aſſiſt the enfeebled Knight) and found him attended by my brothers, prepared for the chaſe: With a pleading countenance and pathetic voice Eleanor recounted our meeting with Percy, who

who we ſaw, had now advanced with his friend, as far as the moat; go my child, ſaid the Earl, to the bluſhing Eleanor, conduct Percy hither, whilſt the attendants bear his companion to a chamber. My ſiſter ſoon returned, led by the graceful youth; entering the hall where we were, with an air of dignified nobleneſs, he knelt to the Earl, who raiſed and embraced him. "Accept, ſaid he, 'ere you condeſcend to entreat it, the aſylum you ſeek; but ſay, why left you Scotland? why viſit Raby! know you not, raſh youth, the Counteſs of Weſtmoreland was ſiſter to him, your father raiſed the arm of rebellion againſt at Shrewſbury?" "Yes, in haſte returned Percy, but was not ere that, the families of Neville, and of Percy, ſtrictly united; am not I deſcended from the noble houſe of Raby, the laſt commands of the Earl of Northumberland were, that I ſhould not quit Scotland, whilſt Henry the fourth lived,—but when you do, caſt yourſelf upon the generoſity of my ancient ally, the Earl of Weſtmorland; tell him, 'tis the

laſt requeſt of dying Percy; he who at his ſide fought for Henry of Bolingbroke; that he will protect the houſe he loved; yes my child, I confide in his friendſhip, nor will he brand thee, innocent as thou art, with the ignominious name of traitor."—The feelings of the youthful heir, ſeemed almoſt to convulſe him; whilſt the Earl turned aſide, to wipe the tear which ſtole adown his cheek, to the memory of his unfortunate friend.

" Yes, exclaimed my father, as he took the hand of the young hero, I ſwear by all the dangers I have ſhared with your grandfather, by all the ties I ſwear, by which our houſes have been united, that here you ſhall be ſafe and honoured; but you want eaſe and refreſhment." " Ah! my Lord, perhaps even now my aged guardian, breaths his laſt."—" Let us go, ſaid the Earl.—

They immediately ruſhed to an inner chamber, where ſtretched on a couch, lay the expiring warrior, near him ſtood, clad in

in ſacred veſtments, the holy prieſt, pronouncing words of comfort.—" Good Heavens! exclaimed my father, is it beneath my roof, thou art to dye; thou, who trained my early valour to feats of arms?" As our preſence might be irkſome, Eleanor withdrew, and I followed; but ere the evening, from the neighbouring ſteeple, we heard the ſound of death.

Percy, retired to an apartment, provided for his reception; his image and his dying friend, completely abſorbed the attention of Eleanor and myſelf; we talked of an adventure, indelibly impreſſed upon our minds, till a late hour, nor did our fancy reſt e'en then, ſtill in our dreams, we viewed the gallant youth; and the ſun, no ſooner gilded our window, with its beams, then we aroſe to viſit again, the place where Percy knelt to us; how enthuſiaſtic is the young mind! already had we endowed our hero with every perfection;—all the noble qualities of the race from which he ſprung, imagination

painted on his countenance.—Here, ſaid Eleanor; he fell at our feet, and ſtooping, "Cicely, ſaid ſhe, here are the flowers we had gathered, they dropt when we beheld him; I will, preſerve them in remembrance of a youth ſo charming."—The Earl advanced to us, "Here my Lord, ſaid I, it was we firſt ſaw Percy; may we aſk, who was his companion?" "It was Widdrington, replied the Earl; the tried friend of this youth's grandſire, he ſhared all his counſels, partook of all his diſtreſs, to his care Northumberland left young Percy: weary of his dependance on the Duke of Albany, Percy could be no longer reſtrained, from obeying the commands of his anceſtor, and haſtened to throw himſelf upon the hoſpitality of the ancient ally of his family; promiſing the governor to return againſt a certain day, could he not procure pardon for himſelf, and liberty for Murdock the Duke's ſon, who has been a priſoner in England ever ſince the bloody battle of Hamildon; mutual pledges given and received, and hoſtages

ges left of tried worth, and attachment to the Percys, he quitted Scotland, accompanied by the brave Widdrington, and a ſingle page; haſtily croſſing Northumberland, at night-fall the ſecond day, they reached Brancepeth; when hearing we were at Raby, they had proceeded without ſtopping for refreſhment; worn out by fatigue, the brave Widdrington ſcarce had ſtrength left to conduct him hither.—Ah! for thy ſake would I, my gallant friend, guard thy youthful charge!" here a cloud croſſed the countenance of our father; the recollection preſt on his memory, that a pale corpſe lay extended in the Caſtle. The Earl haſtily left us, I looked at Eleanor; who now ſobbed aloud.

"Ah Cicely! my mother! "What of her my ſiſter?" Never, never will ſhe conſent to ſhield thee, Percy, I ſee my father dreads her oppoſition, did you not watch his eye? but here (dropping on her knees,) I ſwear, inviolably ſwear."—"What Eleanor do you mean?"

" Ah what indeed! ſaid ſhe, deeply bluſhing as ſhe roſe, " has not the Earl ſwore by every ſacred tie, to protect him, and tho' our princely mother may reſent, juſtly reſent the rebellion of the Percys againſt the houſe of Lancaſter, will ſhe overlook the merit, the innocence, the lovelineſs of this graceful youth?

As we entered the Caſtle we met the Counteſs, who chided us for long abſence, and remarked to each other, that a more than uſual hauteur, ſat on her countenance.

After the interment of his guardian knight, Percy mingled from politeneſs, in all the diverſions which ſurrounded him; yet appeared oppreſſed by melancholy; nor did he ever betray one gleam of chearfulneſs, unleſs when riding by the ſide of Eleanor, or accompanying us, in the early rambles we often indulged in.—My ſiſter ſeemed to have caught the infection, ſhe was abſent and reſerved; the gay, the lively Eleanor, whoſe

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wit and raillery gave inſpiration to every topic, charmed no longer in ſocial chat or livelier revelry; abſorbed in hidden grief, the hours devoted to reſt, were ſpent in ſighs and tears.—" What means, this change! Ah my ſiſter, you no longer love your Cicely, who would die to make you happy; are you ill, and fear to alarm me?—no, no, ſome latent miſchief lurks in your mind; have I ever betrayed your ſecrets; I am young, yet if I know any thing of love, and in that paſſion nature is a ready artiſt, you love Harry Percy; yes, Eleanor all you once felt, for the deſerted Cicely, is transferred to him, ſtill, ſtill regard me, he can never, never, indeed love you more, than I do;" I ſobbed aloud, Eleanor joined her tears to mine, diſcovering her love more by ſighs than language, entreating me to pity, and forgive her.—" Never ſaid ſhe, has he ventured to reveal a love, which every look, every action proclaims he feels." " Oh Cicely, he is miſerable; the Earl 'tis true treats him with kindneſs, with diſtinction,

" Ah what indeed! ſaid ſhe, deeply bluſhing as ſhe roſe, " has not the Earl ſwore by every ſacred tie, to protect him, and tho' our princely mother may reſent, juſtly reſent the rebellion of the Percys againſt the houſe of Lancaſter, will ſhe overlook the merit, the innocence, the lovelineſs of this graceful youth?

As we entered the Caſtle we met the Counteſs, who chided us for long abſence, and remarked to each other, that a more than uſual hauteur, ſat on her countenance.

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but the Counteſs, it is but too viſible eſteems it her duty, to preſerve the enmity of her brother, towards the outcaſt heir of Northumberland, and it is only in compliance with her Lord, ſhe receives him with the bare rites of common hoſpitality. Percy continued my ſiſter, is weary of a life, which he laments as a burden to himſelf, becauſe uſeleſs to ſociety; ſometimes he meditates returning to Scotland a baniſhed man; at others to caſt himſelf at the feet of Henry, whoſe clemency, he hopes, would remember that his houſe had been the chief means of ſeating his father on the throne of England; yes, will he cry, the generous King, muſt allow that to outweigh a haſty fault.—"

I tried to comfort Eleanor, by urging it as probable, that my father waited but the conſent of our mother, to proſtrate himſelf at the foot of the throne, and entreat a pardon for his amiable gueſt.

You will perhaps wonder why Eleanor ſhould

ſhould make me, who was but a mere child, her confidante, it was I believe owing to a ſimilarity of diſpoſitions; Ann was of a temper, which concentered all the forbidding parts of our mother's character, without thoſe graces of manner which adorned her; altho' in every action the Counteſs ſeemed to impreſs you, with an idea of her high deſcent, yet affable to her inferiors, ſhe tempered her hauteur, with the charms of a finiſhed addreſs; not ſo Ann, the whole world ſhe ſeemed to ſuppoſe, but created for her ſervice: no wonder the gentle Eleanor, revolted from a breaſt ſo uncongenial to her own: nor could her high wrought ſenſibility, meet its kindred mind in Jane, whoſe impetuous paſſions broke thro' all oppoſition, ſhe indeed at this time was alone with us at Raby, Ann being with our ſiſter, Lady Scroope, at Bolton.

My brother and his bride quitting Raby, we all removed to Brancepeth, where the health of Eleanor ſeemed declining apace;

her diſorder baffled the ſkill of the phyſicians, who after exhauſting all the reſource of art, recommended, as uſual, a change of place.

It was now autumn, the Earl being warden of the ſcottiſh marches, was often obliged to hold his reſidence in a caſtle, on the borders; thither Percy always accompanied him; Eleanor went to viſit the Earl at this caſtle, accompanied by Jane and myſelf, with a train of attendants more apparently for parade, than ſecurity, as at that time all was peace there—.

The Counteſs parted with us at Newcaſtle, where ſhe declared her reſolution to wait our return; bidding her adieu, we hoped to reach Bathal Caſtle e're noon, where the Earl was to meet us.—In ſafety it is true we reached Bathal, but inſtead of ſeeing our father, a courier from him, informed us he was greatly hurt by leaping a ditch, in the purſuit of a robber; and ordered us not to proceed, till a ſtronger eſcort, than what we had, ſhould conduct us ſecurely.

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More impatient, to reach the borders, after hearing this; and fearleſs of danger, we took a haſty refreſhment, and ſet out; hoping as it was yet very early in the day we might reach before night, the Lord Warden. But e're we accompliſhed our journey, the delicate frame of Eleanor, was ſo overcome by fatigue, ſhe could ſcarce ſupport herſelf, yet ſtill ſhe perſevered.

The moon had juſt riſen in all her luſtre, after a very foggy evening, when we entered a thick wood, thro' which we muſt paſs, before we reached the Caſtle; the gloom that frowned upon us, ſeemed to caſt a kind of dread, over our little troop, which was not diminiſhed by hearing the wood re-echo, with ſcottiſh voices, and the trampling of men and horſes. Uncertain which road to take to avoid the danger, we made a ſtand, till Jane exalting her voice, cried, "puſh forward;" as we reached the verge of the foreſt, we found ourſelves encompaſſed by a band

of ſcottiſh plunderers: the moon ſhone on the armour of their leader, whoſe ſavage viſage left us no room to hope for mercy. I ſcreamed with terror whilſt the already exhauſted Eleanor fainted. Jane no way diſmayed, ordered our attendants to wind their horns, hoping the ſound might reach, 'ere it died on the breeze, the ears of thoſe, who guarded the Caſtle of the Lord Warden.

The leader of the ſcots, rode up to Jane, to take her priſoner, with his ſword laid acroſs the bow of his ſaddle, already had he ſeized the reins, when ſhe ſnatched the ſword, and ſtriking with all her might, at the hand that detained her, "you ſhall repent ſaid ſhe your audacity," then urging her ſteed to its utmoſt ſpeed, ſoon outſtript her purſures, who ſeemed at firſt deprived of motion, ſo aſtoniſhed were they, at a reſiſtance ſo little expected.

In vain did our troop, endeavour to defend, the inſenſible Eleanor, and me more miſerable,

able, for I was alive to danger and all its fears. Eleanor was lifted before the ſcottiſh chief; this motion brought her to life; and ſhe faintly exclaimed, " Ah! my father, ah! Lord Weſtmorland," then relapſed into her former ſtate;—when our whole party was bound, we prepared to ſet forward for Scotland, but were overtaken by ſome horſemen, who called aloud to our enemies, to abandon their captives; they were too confident to comply, and a fierce conflict enſued; the ſcottiſh leader retired haſtily with my ſiſter, when a gallant youth, whoſe arm had atchieved wonders, turned his horſe from the fray, and purſued them,—in the voice I recogniſed Harry Percy; as with accents fierce and determined, he demanded the traitor to give up his lovely prize, or expect a death as terrible, as his preſumption was inſolent.—

" Not to thee, cried the Scot indignantly; go boy thou art beneath my valour, my revenge is directed at him, who ſlew our brave

brave chief, tell me where I ſhall find him; then perhaps you may take this damſel, whoſe timid ſoul unuſed to deeds of hardihood, is fled already."

Turn, thou baſe coward, turn; know, cried Percy, 'twas I, who ſlew your chief; I—bluſterer, let your deeds ſpeak valour, your words at beſt are air, light as your courage."

The voice of Percy, rouſed the fainting maid, who looſened from the villain's graſp, fell to the ground, happily deprived of ſenſe ſhe ſaw not how ſevere the conflict was, but Percy tho' deeply wounded, was at length triumphant.—Eleanor was recalled to life, by the attentions of her deliverer, who attempting to ſeat her on his horſe, ſtaggered beneath his lovely burthen, faint with loſs of blood, and ſunk as it were for ever on the earth. "Ah! Percy, you are wounded, dying, exclaimed Eleanor, in agonized diſtreſs, dying for her who would ſuffer ten thouſand deaths, to ſave you." She flung herſelf by him, "O ſpeak,

" O ſpeak, if yet you can ſpeak, tell me, you curſe me not, alas too ſure I am your murderer."—Even the ſound of a voice ſo dear to his heart, ſcarce could he diſtinguiſh; a ſickly miſt hung over him; that ear which oft had greedily liſtened to each accent of my ſiſter, ſeemed to be cloſing for ever; opening his eyes as if to take a laſt look of an object ſo dear, he faintly cried " Oh! my adored Eleanor, this is the happieſt moment I have known, a wretched exile, durſt I ſtretch my hopes to the daughter of my protector.

" Has ought my beloved lady, but my eyes ever told you, to what an exceſs I have adored you?—heaven has heard my prayer, I die for you, I die in your arms." Again the ebbing blood took from him, the power of ſpeech; the wretched Eleanor bedewed his cold cheek with her tears; then ſtarted up, and wringing her hands in all the agony of deſpair, attempted to fly for aſſiſtance; her feet refuſed their office, and ſhe ſunk, by the ſide

ſide of her lover, with a ſcream ſo piercing, it ſeemed the parting guſh of ſoul and body.

Our party had happily been reinforced by another, and victory declared on our ſide, the ſcots in their turn, were now priſoners, and I demanded they would ſearch the foreſt for my ſiſter, ere they proceeded to the Caſtle. The loud ſcream ſhe had uttered, ſoon conducted us to the place. Ah, Matilda, what were my ſenſations, when I ſaw the ſiſter I ſo fondly loved, apparently dead, with her arms extended over the pale and bleeding body of Lord Percy. In early youth, ſo deeply ſink ſome impreſſions on the mind, no ſubſequent time can eraſe them, thus indelibly imprinted on my memory, was the ſcene which preſented itſelf to my view, it was almoſt in the centre of the wood, where it had lately been cut down, and a ſmooth green extended on each ſide of a ſmall brook, whoſe clear ſurface reflected the dancing beams of the moon, which was riding in its fulleſt ſplendor, the fall of the water

water over an interpoſing rock, was the only ſound that broke the ſtillneſs, and every eye ſeemed rivetted to the ſpot, where lay the faireſt flowers of nature untimely cropped.—Percy's horſe regardleſs of its maſter, was brouzing on the herbage. The ſcottiſh chief had fallen near the edge of the brook, upon which floated his plaid, and his ſteed hung over him as if bewailing his fate.

By the ſide of Lord Percy and my ſiſter, whoſe garments were drenched in blood, ſtood a venerable figure, his long beard, and ſnowy hair, waved with the breeze; in his hand he held an uplifted crucifix, and appeared to be ardently praying for the ſouls of the departed, a hollow groan animated my hopes, and throwing myſelf on the ground, I ran a few paces and fell, my frame was not caſt in a mould ſo delicate as hers, who lay extended a little from me, and I had ſupported myſelf amidſt all the horrors of the night; but nature was at length exhauſted, nor do I recollect any thing, from that moment

ment till awaking as if from ſleep, I found myſelf laid on a bed, and before me the ſame venerable figure I had ſeen bent over the loved bodies of Percy and Eleanor, in the ſame attitude of ſolemn devotion.

" O ſpeak! I cried, tell me where I am? where have you laid my ſiſter! where is the ſad remains of Harry Percy! " ſhe lives," I thank thee merciful Father." " But Percy?—reſtrain your ardour, ſaid the venerable prieſt," leaving me in anxious ſuſpenſe, dreadful as anxious, and returned with refreſhments which he obliged me to take, " compoſe yourſelf my child," ſaid the hermit, " try to ſleep, both are ſafe, but till you are compoſed, you muſt know no more,"—he left me,—" Both are ſafe," was ſuch a cordial to my wounded heart, that I ſlept in baby ſecurity, nor awoke till the ſun was declining, and then awoke tranquillized.—Beſide me ſat Jane, who claſped me to her boſom, and after mutual inquiries on each ſide, in regard to our health, I cried, " but tell, O tell me all, ah! how

how can I believe ſhe lives; did I not behold the ſweet, the gentle Eleanor, ſtretched on the cold earth, bathed, merciful heavens, in her own blood? the brave Percy too, he who died to ſave her, ah! how fruitleſs was his valour." "Cicely, ſaid Jane, why theſe emotions! both are alive," I ſcarce could breathe; whilſt ſhe proceeded to inform me that Lord Percy, afraid we might proceed in our journey had ſet out with the firſt party, which came to our reſcue; but had miſſed us in the wood; till the ſound of the horns, had directed them which path we had taken, Jane had been cloſely followed; her purſuers come up juſt as ſhe reached the Caſtle, they ruſhed in with her, the gates were ſhut, and the deſperate ruffians made priſoners; ſhe mounting another horſe and armed with the ſword of the chief, returned at the head of a reſolute band of ſoldiers, and arrived at the time Lord Percy had followed the wretch, who was bearing off my ſiſter Eleanor, while the ſcots were victors; I had not obſerved Jane, nor had ſhe been near me, till I fell in attempting to go to Eleanor, when with

with a preſence of mind ſuitable to the heroiſm ſhe had diſplayed, ſhe flew to me, calling to her aid a ſurgeon, ſhe had brought from the Caſtle with her."

" Fear not, ſaid he, Lady Jane, your ſiſter will ſoon recover, let her be removed to the cottage on the ſkirts of the foreſt, he then proceeded to the apparently dying Percy and Eleanor, her eyes again opened by the aſſiſtance ſo timely afforded; but her ſenſes wandered; at firſt Percy was thought gone for ever, but ſome ſmall ſigns of life, encouraged them to have him borne into the Hermitage, (whoſe owner it was I had ſeen at the ſide of the bodies) Eleanor inſiſted upon attending her lover,—he appeared dying, his wounds however being examined, the ſurgeon declared them not mortal, and that the loſs of blood alone, had cauſed ſo death-like a ſwoon.—" Weak as my ſiſter is, continues Jane, ſhe will not leave a moment the couch of her deliverer.

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The ſcottiſh leader was ſent to his friends for interment; from the priſoners we learnt this expedition was undertaken to revenge the death of their chief, who had been at the head of a party of pillagers, and returning laden with ſpoil, were overtaken by the Lord Warden, who fell in leaping a ditch, in the act of ſeizing the chief; who thus releaſed, raiſing his ſword, would infallibly have killed my father, had not at that inſtant the gallant Percy advanced, and drawing his bow, ſhot the robber to the heart.

The Earl was confined by the bruiſes he had received, and as yet knew not of our dangerous encounter; ignorant that he was a ſecond time preſerved by his noble kinſman, for had not his watchful care ſent him to meet us, no doubt the villains would have, undiſcovered, effected their purpoſe of firing the Caſtle, and putting all that eſcaped to the ſword; we too, ſhould have arrived in time to ſee this horrid revenge executed; for it appeared they were only lurking in the foreſt,

foreſt, till ſleep had lulled the inhabitants of the Caſtle into defenceleſs ſecurity.

I accompanied Jane to the hermitage, whoſe venerable owner informed us, that Lord Percy ſeemed better than he could have ſuppoſed poſſible, after the loſs of ſo much blood. The ſurgeon allowed the diſtance to be ſo ſhort to the Caſtle, that his patient might, he thought, be ſafely conveyed thither in a litter, more, rejoined he, is it, on Lady Eleanor's account neceſſary than his; to reſt here, is impoſſible, and if ſpeedy care is not taken of her, ſhe cannot ſupport the fatigue and anxiety, her delicate frame has undergone, much longer. This was a truth we were fully convinced of, when ſhe made her appearance; good heavens, how pale and deadly did ſhe look; I threw my arms around her; I wept on her boſom, Eleanor's eyes were dry, in vain were our perſuaſions, our aſſurances, that every reaſonable hope might be entertained of Lord Percy; ſhe ſeemed fully impreſſed with the

idea, he had but to linger a few hours, till he left for ever, her, for whom his life was forfeited? ſhe heard us in ſilent horror, talking unconſcious of his removal, and returned to his apartment, unconſoled, unconvinced, almoſt unhoping, and alive to nothing but deſpair.

Lady Jane and I mounted our horſes, we reached the Caſtle quickly, we found my brother Thomas, juſt returned from Narworth, where he had been upon a viſit to Lord and Lady Dacres, of Gilsland, (you remember Lady Dacres was one of the Earl's daughters, by the firſt wife,) his abſence rendered him ignorant even of the Lord Warden being wounded, to him we related all that had happened; our arrival being made known, we were ſummoned to attend the Earl, who trembled alternately with rage and terror, at the account we gave of our danger and eſcape; he declared his reſolution to attend the removal of our gallant defender; ſcarce could we prevail upon him to relinquiſh

relinquiſh the idea, which he was, from his weakneſs, entirely unequal to, beſides, already was my brother Thomas gone to the Hermitage.

Before it was quite dark, the ſlow and mournful proceſſion reached the Caſtle, Percy had borne the removal better than we could have hoped; at his earneſt requeſt, and in obedience to her father's commands, Eleanor retired to take that reſt, miſery had ſo long deprived her of, and nature wanted ſo much.——

The Lord Warden by the advice of the ſurgeon, deſiſted from an interview, altho highly impatient, till morning. The wounded youth ſpent the night attended by my brother, with intervals of eaſe, and ſleep the Earl entreated to be indulged with conference, to offer his eſteem, to pay hi gratitude.

This requeſt was immediately granted, my fathe

father being ſupported into the apartment of the more than Hero, who ſtretching out his hand made a vain effort to riſe; the Earl embraced, and called him his guardian angel, begging his forgiveneſs, for having ſo long delayed interceding for the reſtitution of his honours and eſtates, but continued he, "it was what I wiſhed the Counteſs to do, certain of her influence over her nephew, who unfortunately ſtill remembers only the rebellion of Hotſpur, and that Percy is attainted for oppoſition to the houſe of Lancaſter."

Percy's feelings joined to his weakneſs, made it neceſſary this converſation ſhould end; the Earl left the apartment, Eleanor ſoon entered, her features had regained ſome of their former animation, and ſhe wore a look of expreſſive hope; throwing herſelf by the ſide of the bed, ſhe burſt into tears, they were the firſt ſhe had ſhed, ſince the hero ſhe loved had been in danger; relieved by theſe and riſing, ſhe cried, "be not offended Percy, theſe are tears of joy, indeed I do now hope, Oh! much

for you I hope." "Ah my beloved Eleanor, he replied, with a voice whoſe plaintiveneſs betrayed the tendereſt emotions, I have now indeed, much to hope, much to deſire, much to live for; attending the Lord Warden, dependant and ſcarcely more than a ſlave, how did I wiſh ſome fierce ſcot, would end a life, of which I had long been weary." Jane now interfered, and told them peremptorily, either to reſtrain their emotions, or ſhe would acquaint the Earl, who doubtleſs would change Eleanor, for ſome older and more prudent nurſe.

The following day the Counteſs of Weſtmorland arrived, for the courier who brought the tidings to Bathal, having proceeded to Newcaſtle, had acquainted her with our rencounter, and ſhe flew to us on the impatient wings of maternal tenderneſs.

Embracing us all with an ardour of affection, which her high ſpirit too often concealed, my mother wept over our relation, and ſhuddered

ſhuddered at the dangers to which we had been expoſed;—without changing her dreſs, or taking any refreſhment after a journey, which had been attended with many fatigues; ſhe entered the apartment of the wounded hero, her generous ſoul longed to repair her neglect, and acknowledge its obligations. In moments of feeling the pride of birth, the vanity of life flit away before the warmer rays of gratitude.

" Can you, Lord Percy, forgive my inattention? truſt me it was impoſſible I could be blind to your virtues, how ridiculous was it in me, to reſent the reaſon you were innocent of, and to forget that the noble arms of Percy and of Neville, ſeated my brother on the throne; it was ungrateful; again let the houſes be united, refuſe me not, reject not the hand I offer you; I have not been blind to your love for Eleanor, her waſted health;—did it not ſpeak her ſecret attachment? tell me, am I miſtaken, do you not indeed love my daughter, or do you, reſenting my behaviour; refuſe the alliance? no, no, your generous

heart diſdains reſentment; ſay only you forgive me,—the Counteſs of Weſtmorland ſtoops to aſk it."

The expreſſive countenance of Percy, had undergone a variety of changes, whilſt ſhe ſpoke; he would have anſwered, but the imperfect accents died on his lips; at length he ſaid, "Gracious heavens! could it be poſſible that the mother of Eleanor, ſhould offend Percy! were it poſſible, when ſhe condeſcends to ſay, "forgive," ſure it effaces all remembrance; ah! could he alſo forget, that ſtill the attainder hangs over his fortunes, forget he exiſts upon the bounty of the Nevilles, then might he dare to own, a lovely maiden of that noble houſe, has long poſſeſſed his throbbing anxious heart; yes Lady Weſtmorland, tho' as Earl of Northumberland I might aſk her love, nor dread refuſal; yet believe me the outcaſt Percy, would not, dared not aſk it."

The Counteſs aroſe, and drew from behind

hind the curtain, the trembling, bluſhing Eleanor, " here, ſaid ſhe, I have a father's authority to diſpoſe of this hand, which now I do, to the preſerver of a whole family, to the gallant Percy, the defender of her honour, and the darling of her hopes: if eyes and actions ſpeak, where the lip is modeſtly reſerved, as ſoon as you can leave your apartment, you may be united in bands, which death alone can diſſolve; but Percy be ſpeedy, ſaid ſhe with a ſmile, in recovering, for till your union, I will not quit you, not even for the court, not even to entreat my nephew in your favour; nor ſhall ſhe wed any other than an exile, the exile who ſaved her life at the hazard of his own; no Percy, it ſhall not be to the Earl of Northumberland, I give my daughter, but to ſomething nobler,—a man of courage and honour."—

Eleanor overcome by the tide of joy, which burſt to her heart, threw herſelf at the feet of the Counteſs, hiding her face in her robe, and burſt into tears; her mother raiſed

and claſpt her to her boſom, my ſiſter would have ſpoke, would have declared her filial duty, her gratitude;—would have owned her love; but tho' her countenance pourtrayed all this moſt eloquently, her tongue was ſilent. Percy returned his acknowledgements, in a voice which betrayed his extreme agitation, the feelings of his ſoul mocked all ſpeech, derided all language.—The cheeks of the Counteſs were bedewed with tears; at that moment I felt a ſenſation of pleaſure, more grateful than language can impart.

Jane had left the room, conſcious the heroine here muſt yield to the woman.—The Counteſs drew Eleanor's arm thro' her's, and leading her out, ſaid, "we exhauſt Lord Percy, let us go my child." I turned to him as they parted; he ſeemed pale and fainting "ah! ſhrieked I, he's dying." The ſurgeon who was with him had forſeen this, and brought aſſiſtance with him; we retired, but ſoon learnt that the violence of the agitation, Percy felt in

in this interview, had cauſed the wounds to bleed afreſh, and had not ſuch aid been given, from the very great loſs of blood before, he muſt have periſhed,—for joy is often a more fatal poignard than grief.

No one was admitted after this, to the apartment but the neceſſary attendants.—The Earl was ſoon able to ride, and Eleanor acquired ſpirits to accompany him, her health and ſtrength were faſt renovating, her beauty returned with them, and became more particularly ſtriking, an air of ſoftneſs and langour hung over, and added to the intereſt of her features. No ſooner was Lord Percy able to quit his chamber, than the lovely Eleanor and he were married, without any of that pomp, which, otherwiſe ſituated, the Earl and Counteſs would have deemed indiſpenſable: immediately after the ceremony, our mother ſet out for the court, with a ſtrong guard, eſcorted by my brother Thomas.

Scarce was the Counteſs and her train out of ſight, when a meſſenger arrived from Sir Alexander Home, a neighbouring ſcottiſh chief, begging permiſſion of the Lord Warden, for himſelf and a certain number of attendants to hunt on the Engliſh ground, and leave was granted, in the uſual form, for three days. The morning, fixed for the chace, being arrived; a page preceded, who came to entreat the Earl, or ſome of his family, would join in the diverſion; this invitation was declined, leſt, as it after happened, that thoſe meetings, commencing in amity, ſhould end in bloodſhed. Sir Alexander had been well known to Percy, at the court of the regent, and he agreed with fame, which ſpoke loudly of his courage and ſkill, in every martial, every warlike exerciſe; of a temper open and generous, the delight of his friends, who admired his talents; and would fain forget his ardour, which often hurried him into adventurous enterprizes, ſome of which it was feared might prove fatal to a youth, ſo loved, but ſo impetuous: "beware

ſaid

ſaid Percy, my fair maidens, of this ſcot, in vain has many a dame of Scotland ſighed, for his heart ſeems as cold as his perſon is faſcinating."

He longed to ſee this knight, in whoſe praiſe we had heard ſo much, and with my ſiſters mounted the battlements of the caſtle; ſoon we ſpied the gallant troop, and fixed our imagination upon him, we fancied muſt be Sir Alexander; he ſeparated from the party, and made up to the gates, followed only by the page who bore his hunting ſpear; the Earl advanced to meet him, what paſt we could not diſtinguiſh, but as he turned his horſe, he caſt his eyes where we ſtood, and taking off his cap, bowed with an elegance, that ſuffuſed the face of Jane, with alternate red and white, but recovering herſelf, ſhe addreſſed Eleanor, " and ſo this is all we are to ſee of this ſcot, of whom fame has been ſo laviſh; I love a hero, 'tis ſtrange the Lord Warden did not invite him into the caſtle, it was very ſtrange, Lord Percy

did not ſpeak to him, why does not my ſex allow me to accompany him? at leaſt ſome of our attendants might, 'tis diſcourteous uſage ſurely."

"You are grown ſuddenly partial to the ſcots, replied Lady Percy, have you already forgot Jane our late adventure? ſaid I."— "Ungenerous girl, ſhe retorted, do you compare the gallant Home, to the fierce leader of a band of robbers?" But Eleanor finding our chat too intereſting, deſcended into the Caſtle and we followed her.

The evening of the next day, we were ſitting in an apartment of the Caſtle, when a blaſt from a horn, ſeemed to ſhake every turret; the Earl, ſtarted up, "Percy, ſaid he, theſe are our gueſts." "Ah! my dear Lord, ſaid Eleanor, I thought your friends no more by their miſtaken zeal to ſee you, were to retard your recovery, (which of late had been the caſe, as it was now well known thro' Northumberland, that Percy was with the

the Lord Warden, whoſe gates had been daily beſieged by the friends and vaſſals of his noble gueſt.) Percy aroſe, and kiſſed off the tear that trembled upon the cheek of his gentle bride, his looks ſeemed to thank her for this proof of her love, nor could he force his tongue, to chide her fears " it is, my loved Eleanor, Sir Alexander Home; he comes to ſleep with his followers here to night."

A bluſh overſpread the face of Jane, ſhe caſt her eyes over her dreſs, forgetting the heroine in the woman, and ſeemed to diſapprove it; ſhe half aroſe, then replaced herſelf, again roſe, walked to the door, and again reſeated herſelf, juſt as the Earl entered with four ſcotch gentlemen. The figure of Sir Alexander was peculiarly noble, and his dreſs well adapted to ſhew it to advantage; he ſeemed to enforce reſpect; he was conſiderably above the middle ſize, looked indeed a chieftain, his countenance and penetrating eyes ſaid, he was born and had been accuſtomed to command; ſuch thought I,

was the famed Wallace; his plaid was gracefully thrown acroſs his ſhoulders, over which fell in deſhevelled ringlets a profuſion of deep auburn hair; at his back hung a quiver, and in one hand he held a bow, his complexion looked embrowned by the ſports of the field, but taking off his bonnet, his forehead ſeemed to ſhame the ſnow, that had already whitened the top of Cheviot.

" Percy, ſays he, will you apologize to your beauteous bride, and her lovely ſiſters for our abrupt appearance? not bred in courts, we are unſkilled in their manners, and approved addreſs, pray tell them ſo,—ſo anxious were we to profit by the Lord Warden's hoſpitality, and view beauty ſo much exalted, (yet now we ſee it muſt confeſs too ſparingly.)—That we forget our hunters garb and field accoutrements, unſuitable to the preſence of the fair daughters of Raby."

" No apology ſir, can be neceſſary, or, was it, your courteſy has not left any thing for my

my Lord to ſay, replied the Lady Percy.—During the evening, Sir Alexander rallied Percy, alledging the victory over the robbers, was more owing to Lady Jane, than to him, for ſhe united policy to courage, it was, ſays he, by her orders the horn was ſounded, otherwiſe you would not have known where in the foreſt the enemy lay; the wound ſhe inflicted on the villain, who fled with Lady Eleanor, made him leſs able to cope with you; her preſence of mind too, which by deluding a part of the purſuers towards the Caſtle, and having them ſecured, divided their force, and that alone enabled you, Percy, to keep them at bay; and when ſhe returned, her animating preſence, (for who is it her preſence would not animate,) ſoon turned the ſcale of victory."

Sir Alexander did indeed ſeem animated, by the preſence of Jane; his ardent looks, his geſtures plainly declared it. Now turning to the Earl, "my Lord," ſaid he, Lady Jane ought not thus to engroſs the beauty of her

own ſex, and join it to the heroiſm of ours; heavens! what is your Engliſh youths compoſed of, how did they ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould be ſeen with impunity? ſuch lovelineſs, ſuch dignity!—it will require all your caution my Lord, to guard this charming maiden from being to England, what a leſs fair dame was once to Greece; either then leave her my Lord, to the care of ſome knight here, or bring her no more to the borders of Scotland,—leſt like another Paris, I may carry off a lovelier Helen."

The entrance of Jane prevented the reply of the Earl, who waved a converſation, it was very evident he diſliked; but Sir Alexander remarked it not, his every faculty abſorbed in the newly created delight, he felt in the preſence of Lady Jane.

The following morning ſhe entered my chamber ere it was light, begging I would accompany her to the battlements of the caſtle; inquiring if Lady Percy was to be there.

there. "Siſter, ſiſter, I replied, may not our going diſpleaſe the Earl, who appeared laſt night diſſatisfied with the unguarded expreſſions Sir Alexander made uſe of, as he ſo eagerly praiſed you.

Jane could not bear controul, ſhe was quitting the apartment, almoſt in a rage, but recollecting herſelf, that there would be indeed an impropriety, in our appearing without Eleanor; ſhe returned, Cicely ſaid the high ſpirited girl, I will not go, allow me to ſtay with you, this window gives a view of the gate, mine has none; but we ſcarcely ſaw them paſs and retire. The day was fine, and Jane requeſted me to accompany her in a ride, which tho' the road we took, was deſcribed by the Earl, and directly oppoſite to that the hunters were gone, yet every minute was ſhe hoping to hear the ſound of their courſers.

Evening came at length, and brought again to the Caſtle, Sir Alexander. "This, ſaid

ſaid Jane, is the laſt time perhaps we ſhall ever ſee this charming ſcot," a ſigh roſe as ſhe ſpoke, and bluſhing ſhe continued, " ſoon, very ſoon we muſt return to Raby, Home will never come there, you Eleanor may again ſee him, when Percy reſtored to his lands, holds his reſidence at Warkworth, will he not there, aſk his friend to viſit him?"

Lord Percy entered with Sir Alexander, who appeared often loſt in thought, often he ſighed, often looked at Jane with eager wiſhes, as her intelligent countenance betrayed the feelings of her heart; agitated by hope and deſpair alternately, ſhe ſeemed to forget ſhe was never again to ſee Home, that he would never viſit the towers of Raby, ſhe remembered only that ſhe loved him, and that her heart was framed *not* to deſpair; again his country was a bar, what tho' the Earl and Counteſs wiſh for a more ſplendid marriage, with ſome Engliſh baron, to extend their already powerful alliances, ſtill ſhe

ſhe ſeemed to hope till reflection overpowered every idea of love or happineſs, and "ah! adieu, Sir Alexander!" ſeemed to die on her lips, as we took leave for the night.

The ſound of the horn, warned us to take our ſtations, to ſee the hunters depart, and Jane had prevailed with Lady Percy to mount with us the battlements; here the eyes of the knight ſoon diſcovered us, he bowed, then drew ſomewhat from his boſom, which after preſſing to his lips with a gallant air he replaced in his boſom from whence he took it: Lady Percy ſaw not this, as ſhe was leaning over the battlement, her eyes fixed upon her Lord, who ſtood at the outer gate. The agitated countenance of Jane plainly revealed to me, this action referred alone to her.

"Do you not know, whiſpered I to Jane, what it was the gallant ſcot drew from his boſom?" "Huſh, ſhe replied, do not mention to Eleanor what you ſaw, and I will confeſs

to

to you! following her to her apartment, ſhe gave me an epiſtle to peruſe from him, in which he informed her, that ſtruck by the heroiſm, ſhe had diſplayed on that dreadful night we were attacked, when we came to the caſtle, (which it appears had furniſhed matter of converſation, on each ſide of the borders ever ſince,) he had made many unſucceſsful attempts to ſee her, and at length requeſted permiſſion of the Lord Warden to hunt on the Engliſh borders, in hopes, the object of his wiſhes might be at leaſt drawn forth, to behold a chace, which he made as ſplendid as poſſible; the Lord Warden's hoſpitality had favoured his deſigns, and given him an opportunity to behold his charming daughter, whoſe beauty now had rivetted an impreſſion, fame had already made indelible. He begged her permiſſion to caſt himſelf at her feet, and declare a paſſion, no power could controul.

Jane now ſaid, ſhe ſuppoſed what I had ſeen Sir Alexander preſs to his lips ſo ardently, was

was the billet ſhe had found means to convey to him, in which ſhe had given him no cauſe to deſpair, could the Earl's conſent be obtained, but this there was too much reaſon to doubt.—She now condeſcended to aſk my opinion, what could cauſe the coldneſs of our father's manner, to a gueſt who ſurely deſerved all his attention, and with whom at firſt he ſeemed ſo delighted, "Ah, I replied, my dear ſiſter, in my father's opinion, he beſtowed encomiums too warm on your heroiſm and your beauty."

She regretted having made herſelf ſo much the ſubject of converſation. "Too true Cicely it would have better ſuited a ſon of the Nevilles, than a daughter to be armed with a ſword, to inflict wounds, to act as a leader to the ſoldiers of the Lord Warden. Yet why ſhould I regret, if it ſaved ſo many lives, my thus outſtepping the limits preſcribed our ſex; Sir Alexander does not deſpiſe me for it; no, this noble, this generous youth, was attached by it; what need then has the object of his choice, to regard the idl:

idle remarks of the cowardly and timid? what can my father object to Home, is he not noble? has he not an eſtate equal to his brilliant expenditure? are not his manners dignified, does he not look able to protect, to defend? what an air of courage, of generoſity ſits on his manly brow? yet ah! Cicely what love, what ſweetneſs beam from his eyes! the Earl of Weſtmorland is too liberal, to think merit can alone exiſt in England; tell me my ſiſter, what could cauſe a change ſo violent and ſo perceptible?"

"Alas, Jane, may not the Earl have other views for you?—our princely mother may aſpire for you, (ſanctioned by the marriages of her other children,) to the hand of a Plantagenet, a ſcottiſh knight in her ambitious mind, will degrade her daughter; acquaint my dear ſiſter, Lady Percy, ſhe may inform you, ſhe may direct your conduct, what can I know of the world, child as I am?" "Tell me not Cicely of Lady Percy, ſhe will too ſeverely condemn the ſlighteſt murmers, againſt

gainſt a parent's will, you muſt be my confidant and my guide,"—ſhe enjoined me ſecrecy, and I inſtinctively obeyed.—

The time approached when we were to leave the borders; to look forward to this, ſeemed to give joy to all but Jane, to me it was evident (tho' no more her confidant, for in her own boſom lodged all her feelings,) that ſhe dreaded the period, which was to take her from her beloved Home, with whom I was certain, ſhe kept up her connexion, tho' unable to gueſs by what means ſhe ſaw him; I found ſhe dreaded what already I knew regarding her lover, and reſolved to truſt me no farther; finding in herſelf reſources which precluded the neceſſity. I could not wonder at this ſudden yet mutual attachment, they ſeemed indeed formed for each other; both high ſpirited, I attributed it alone to a fear, of meeting a refuſal from the Earl, that Sir Alexander had ſo long defered aſking his conſent; ill I knew would either brook a refuſal, and I lived in continual dread of the event.

The

The meetings on the borders, between the Engliſh and Scottiſh Wardens were over, all the differences had been amicably adjuſted; Percy's ſtrength ſeemed equal to the undertaking, and the following week after the conferences were over, was fixed for our journey. A courier arrived from Lady Weſtmorland, bringing the pleaſing news of her ſafe arrival at court, as yet ſhe had not had an interview with the king, but had received ſo kind, ſo gracious a meſſage from him, that ſhe did not doubt of her requeſt being granted.

This was indeed joy to the gentle heart of Eleanor, who tho' ſhe could have been happy in a cottage, with her beloved Harry Percy, yet to ſee him reſtored to his honours and land, by the interceſſion of her mother, was matter of triumph as well as comfort..

We were ſitting the next day at dinner, when my father was informed Sir Alexander Home

Home ſtood at the gate; a kind of conſciouſneſs of herſelf played over the face of Jane; and the bluſh told me ſhe dreaded ſomewhat as he entered; we quitted the room ſoon after dinner, and ſaw no more of Home, till he haſtily bowed as he paſt in full gallop, where we were walking without the walls of the Caſtle.—Jane's fine features were highly agitated; "Sir Alexander, ſaid Lady Percy, might have had courteſy ſufficient to have ſaid adieu to us; for we ſhall now indeed Jane, ſee no more of him I ſuppoſe."

The eyes of my ſiſter followed her lover, and as ſhe loſt ſight of him, amidſt the windings of the hills, in ſpite of her caution, a ſigh found its way from her breaſt.—She turned to Eleanor, "very true he might as—but perhaps—'tis too late,—it is all over."—Thoſe ſtrange disjointed ſentences could not have eſcaped the obſervation of her, to whom they were addreſſed, had ſhe not at the moment been attending to a meſſage from the Earl, which commanded our preſence in the caſtle.

We

We were acquainted by the Lord Warden, that in two days we were to leave the borders; "Why ſo ſoon," exclaimed Lady Percy? Jane ſtood at a ſide window with her back to us, by which her emotions were concealed, and ſhe had time to collect herſelf; whilſt the Earl replied, by informing us that Sir Alexander, had been to requeſt his permiſſion to addreſs Lady Jane; "already have I engaged my honour ſhe ſhould marry Lord Howard; and tho' Home is brave, noble and generous, yet his country is a material objection, tho' I had not pledged my word to Howard; of courſe I have forbid his ſuit, yet dreading the impetuous temper of this ſcottiſh chief, I remove ſooner than I thought of; arrived at Raby, Howard ſhall receive the hand of Jane, he then may guard her."

I expected my ſiſter would have urged her right, to diſpoſe of her hand, where already her affections were engaged, but ſhe mantained ſilence. Ah! my charming, my noble

noble ſpirited girl, why did you not ſuffer the natural frankneſs of your temper to have its ſcope; alas! how many, what a long, long train of evils, which hung impending might have been averted!—I was convinced this ſeeming calmneſs, was in conſequence of ſome plan laid between them; my father's refuſal ſhe had expected, and I doubted not of their meaſures being taken accordingly; yet I hoped our removal ſo much earlier, might diſconcert the plans, they had formed. I found myſelf bound by the raſh promiſe I had made, not to diſcloſe what I already knew, and reſolved to watch in ſecret her motions, or if I could find an opportunity to give her my advice, urge her to inform the Earl of her love for Home; I followed to her chamber as ſoon as I could, ſhe retiring early on pretence of ſickneſs, but the door was faſtened, and her damſel told me, that her Lady was aſleep.

Overcome by the extreme anxiety I ſuſtained, reſt fled me, and when at laſt I ſlept,

it was prolonged to a late hour; I aroſe haſtily, again I viſited my ſiſter's apartment, it was without an inhabitant; ah! thought I, ſhe is gone indeed; with haſty ſteps I traverſed each part of the caſtle, ſtill I ſaw not Jane; to Lady Percy I went, determined to reveal all I knew; but there I found her Lord, who rallied me upon my apparent agitation, and turning to the window I ſaw Jane alight, good heavens! what I felt; without ſtaying to give any reaſon, I flew into the court, I threw my arms round her, I could have wept, nay I did weep ſilently tho' deeply.

"What means all this?" exclaimed Jane. "Why, why, need you aſk? gueſs my fears, when I found your apartment empty, by my joy at ſeeing you return." "Go you little ſimpleton, what do you fear?" embracing me, ſhe bade me remember my promiſe, and dread nothing for her. In vain during the day, did I endeavour to obtain any private converſation, with my ſiſter, and when

when ſhe kiſſed me, and ſaid adieu, ere ſhe retired to her apartment, a tear dropt on my boſom; ſtill more alarmed, I would have followed her, but the Earl detained me, with Lord and Lady Percy, giving us charges of care, and directions in regard to our journey, he propoſing to ſet out the next morning, by break of day with Jane; our retinue were too numerous to ſtop at one place on the road, and the Earl had determined I ſhould follow with Eleanor, and her Lord, the day after. At length I was diſmiſſed, but Jane, I was told, had been long in bed and aſleep: I threw myſelf on a couch, and in ſpite of any reſolutions to the contrary ſlept; I had determined to ſee Jane, ere ſhe ſet out; but awaked not till the ſound of the horſes feet in the court, told me they were departing; I ſtarted, and flying to the window, thro' the grey dawn, could yet diſtinguiſh the graceful form of Jane, juſt iſſuing out of the gate; vexed at my thus being prevented from converſing with her, I dreſt myſelf; in vain did I try to

rouſe me, in vain were Lord and Lady Percy's attempts to amuſe; I felt a dejection of ſpirits, for which my fears could but too well account. Eleanor was hurt at my agitation; I was upon the point of telling her all I knew, in regard to Jane, (but recollection told me, I had repeatedly promiſed never to reveal it,) I dreaded leſt Home had by ſome means heard of our ſudden departure, and might endeavour to carry off my ſiſter, I ſhuddered at each footſtep: Eleanor conſtantly inquired what I meant, by looking out at every noiſe; my excuſe was, that I dreaded the ſafety of my father and Jane; nor had ſhe yet forgot the night, we came to the borders, ſo as not to fear for them.—I traverſed each apartment of the caſtle, repeatedly viſiting that of Jane, I looked round it, as if its ſilent walls were to inform me of her loſs or her ſafety,—but all appeared deſolate and forſaken.

So eager were my wiſhes to follow them, that I was equipped in the morning, ere Percy and my ſiſter had riſen.

Percy ſtill weak, bore the fatigue better than we could have hoped, and againſt dinner the ſecond day, we reached Newcaſtle, where the Earl had halted; he embraced us as we entered, expreſſing himſelf doubly happy to ſee us, as he feared Jane might have detained us by her illneſs. Alas what I dreaded by anticipation, appeared now to be realized. "My Lord, ſaid I, gaſping thro' want of articulation, Jane came not with us." "Why leave her, ſaid my father?" "She went, we all ſuppoſed, my Lord with you," replied Lady Percy, for I no longer had the power of utterance.

The Earl was all rage, he ſuſpected ſhe had eloped with Home, and vowed vengeance againſt them both, ſwore he would return to the borders; he would raiſe all his friends; all his vaſſals: he would extirpate the very name of the chief, who had dared ſuch an inſult. When the paſſion of the moment had ſubſided, he informed us, that the morning of his departure from the

borders, ere he aroſe, an attendant of Jane's, came to deſire he would viſit her Lady, who was, ſhe ſaid, violently ill, and indeed ſo ſhe appeared, continued the Earl, ſhe begged I might on no account poſtpone my journey, but hoped ſhe might be able to proceed ſlowly the next day, with Lord and Lady Percy;—inquiring for the ſurgeon, my father was told he had gone to the hermitage in the foreſt, whoſe ſage inhabitant, was in poſſeſſion of a ſpeedy cure, for that diſorder of which Jane complained; that Lady Percy and I, fatigued by our attendance had retired to bed, and were aſleep: deceived by ſo plauſible a ſtory the Earl left her, after repeating his charges to her attendants; as he was mounting, Lord Percy came to him, apologizing for his appearance ſo late, my deceived father replied," the occaſion was ſufficient excuſe, (ſuppoſing his reſt had alſo been diſturbed by Jane,) and begged he would not allow Eleanor to fatigue herſelf, yet hoped notwithſtanding the girl's illneſs, ſhe might be able to proceed

ceed the next day, (a favourite damſel of Lady Percy's, was really ill at this time,) ſo the deception became compleat.

Lord Percy recollected he was juſt entering the inner court, as he met Jane, who ſtarted when ſhe ſaw him: already was ſhe mounted, attended by her damſel, and a page, "why, ſaid Percy, ſo late my ſiſter? the Earl has already left us, and I expected you to have with proceeded him."—Jane without heſitation anſwered, "ſome material papers obliged her to turn back, but that ere the Earl reached the edge of the foreſt, ſhe ſhould overtake him, "ſtay but a moment, cried Lord Percy, I will be your eſcort."—"Alarm not yourſelf, gaily ſaid Jane, have not I ere this been your general? only let me entreat you not to fright my ſiſters, by telling them of my being ſo ſlightly attended; adieu, ſee the morning ſtar ſinks apace;" ſhe now gallopped off, and Percy, fearful of alarming us, never mentioned the circumſtance.

Whilſt we were deliberating what courſe to purſue, a meſſenger arrived from court, with a promiſe of full pardon and reſtitution of honours and lands to Percy, as ſoon as an exchange in regard to the ſon of the Regent could be effected; but his attendance upon the King in perſon, was thought abſolutely neceſſary by Lady Weſtmorland. And the Earl was by Henry, ordered immediately to aſſiſt him with his counſels, on affairs of great import: this was additional diſtreſs; to whom could her father delegate his authority? who recover his loſt child? In vain did Eleanor and I entreat the Earl, that he would not oppoſe her inclinations, in caſe ſhe really had eloped with Sir Alexander.—

Percy in vain would have diſſuaded him, ſhall we plunge again the borders, ſo late all peace, in bloodſhed? repay violence with violence? yield my Lord to the wiſhes of the brave chieftain, and your lovely daughter; in the hands of the regent the ſword of juſtice is weak, and powerleſs, he dare not, were

were you to apply, oppoſe Home, whoſe friends and connexions will die to defend him."

The Earl all paſſion ſtill, diſpatched a courier for Brancepeth, to the Lord Howard, who immediately ſet off for Newcaſtle, his indignation knew no bounds; thus to have his promiſed bride ſnatched from him, it rouſed his pride more perhaps than his love, he ſolemnly vowed revenge, and in his unbridled fury, even hinted that the Earl had connived at her eſcape;—he admired Lady Jane Neville, 'tis true, but he looked up to the ſtrength, to the conſequence of her alliance. The Earl now ſaw the full extent of the ſtorm he had raiſed, by ſending to him, and it grew beyond his power to allay it: Howard's fury actually melted my father, into compaſſion for his daughter, and they parted, mutually diſſatisfied with each other; the next morning we learnt he had engaged, as ſoon as he left Weſtmorland-houſe, a band of reſolute fellows, accompanied by whom

he ſet out for the North; horror ſat on all our looks at this news. Percy now declared, he would immediately head the troop, which had been our guard from the borders, and if poſſible reach the Caſtle of Home, before the revengeful Howard: his recent wounds, rendered this a dangerous undertaking, the Earl inſiſted upon his ſtaying with us, and ſet out himſelf to retrace, with haſty ſteps the road he had ſo lately paſſed.

In a kind of mournful expectation, hope almoſt ſuſpended, we ſpent a week, during which no tidings of either party reached us; but on the evening of the eighth day, we were ſummoned to meet my father, at a ſmall village, ſeventeen miles north of Newcaſtle. Thither then we went, and found, ſtretched on a miſerable bed, in a miſerable room, the ſo late beauteous daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland, in the wildneſs of delirium; ſhe knew no one, except at intervals her father, whom ſhe would vehemently implore to pardon her; incoherently raved of her

her lover,—of Lord Howard. " Ah ſave! at leaſt ſave him,—do not tell my mother,—I will not ſee her, did you not ſay, it was the Counteſs of Weſtmorland," ſaid ſhe, and ſhe hid her face, in the bed-clothes, then ſtarting up, " hold me not, is not that Sir Alexander, whoſe bleeding wounds call loud for vengeance? ſee how the flames burſt all around us!!! Why was I ſaved, I will return, I will ruſh amidſt them, a willing victim, and die with my lover!" Certain by thoſe incoherent ſpeeches, ſome mighty miſchief had befallen, we wanted reſolution to aſk the Earl, nor did he ſeem poſſeſſed of fortitude ſufficient to inform us; he was almoſt as diſtracted as ſhe, whoſe life hung quivering on a point.

Truly dreadful was the ſcene; Matilda, in the very ſpring of life, in the full bloom of youth, grace and beauty, poſſeſſed too of a mind which promiſed every exertion, oh! to behold this lovely creature, born of a family ſo noble, dying in the ſordid bed of a peaſant;

ſant; her face diſtorted, her eyes wild, and every ſound ſhe uttered, wringing the hearts of thoſe around her.

A freſh ſummons arrived now, to haſten the departure of my father, and Lord Percy; that day the doctors had declared her fever at the criſis, and that the night would determine her fate; what an anxious period for Eleanor? ſo much depended upon her Lord's preſence at court, and my father's attendance, was ſo eſſential, yet how could a parent leave a child ſo ſituated?

Jane now fell into an apparently ſound ſleep, and with much entreaty, Lord and Lady Percy were prevailed upon to take ſome reſt, whilſt the Earl and I watched the bedſide of the helpleſs victim of diſeaſe and miſery, in ſilent expectation, acquiring reſolution to relate the diſaſter; he diſmiſſed the attendants, and beckoning me to the corner of the room, informed me, that without ſtopping to reſt, or even for refreſhment

ment, he traverſed Northumberland, and ere ſaid the Earl, I reached the banks of the Tweed, all was darkneſs,—the river ſwelled with rain, it was with infinite hazard I croſſed it, and entered Scotland; in vain my attendants remonſtrated; I was regardleſs of the dangers to which myſelf was expoſed, alas too certain of the impending miſchief; but how did I wiſh more narrowly to have inquired into the ſtate of my child's affections, ere I had refuſed the gallant ſcot, and reſolved, even tho' ſhe had ſo flown in the face of her duty, to beſtow her hand, where ſhe had given her heart: I dreaded to reach her too late, ah! why! why did ſhe act ſo unlike herſelf? why not nobly avow her preference: occupied by ſuch reflections, I was rouſed by a ſudden gleam of light, which overſpread a ſky thick and hazy; a ſad preſentiment of evil ſeized me; loſt amidſt the windings of the hills, we no longer beheld the flame, but journeying on, found ourſelves of a ſudden enveloped in ſmoke, and at once a bright flame burſt upon the ſight:

at

at this moment we ſaw the Caſtle of Home one blaze of light; ſtruck with horror, and ſpurring my ſteed, I gallopped on furiouſly at the head of my little troop; till we came near enough to diſtinguiſh, a female figure ſtanding upon the battlements, above whoſe head the flames mounted in columns,—"Good God, I cried, preſerve my child;" and drawing cloſer, diſcovered it was not Jane, but a venerable matron, who in all the agonies of deſpair, rent her grey locks, in agony gave a loud ſhriek, and as the beams gave way, fell amidſt the ruins.—turning to another part of the battlements, by the reflection of the blaze, we beheld, ſtretched on the ground, a female, who appeared newly fallen from the north turret; if ſhe yet lived, every moment was of conſequence, I felt all the activity of youth, and leaping a deep foſſe, raiſed from the ground, gracious heaven! the lifeleſs form of your ſiſter Jane.——— Her face ſtreaming with blood, her garments blackened and rent, I bore her in my arms to the firſt gate, which my attendants broke down,

down, ſcarce were we through it, when the tower fell to crackling ruins, and a dreadful maſs covered *the very ſpot*, from which I had ſo lately ſnatched my miſerable child.—Ah! Cicely, nature ſhrunk within me at the ſight, every feeling of gratitude was awakened, towards that merciful power, which had ſent me almoſt miraculouſly to her aid.

My endeavours to recover her ſo far ſucceeded, as to know ſhe once more breathed, at length opening her eyes, ſhe ſtaired wildly round, ah! ſhe cried, my dear Home, are you ſafe indeed, then turning to the fiery ruins, ſhe groaned, and ſunk again upon my ſhoulder, lifeleſs and unconſcious of the dreadful ruin.

Sir Thomas Norton, who had gone to reconnoitre the adjacent wood, now returned with a domeſtic of Sir Alexander's, who informed me, that in the cloſe of the evening, a horn had ſounded at the gate; which proved

proved a meſſenger from Lord Howard; bringing a defiance and challenge to the owner of the manſion; at the earneſt requeſt of Lady Jane, he refuſed to meet him till morning; but very ſoon the Engliſh beſet the caſtle; and Sir Alexander ſallying out unexpectedly upon them, put his beſiegers to flight, and followed faſt upon them, leaving but a few aged domeſtics to guard the walls; he could give no further intelligence, for having received a wound, he dropt behind, and being bewildered in the wood, was found by Sir Thomas, and could only conjecture, that the Engliſh had fired the Caſtle.—

Day now faintly oppoſed its glimmering to the blaze of Home Caſtle, my Jane was much recovered, but in violent pain of body and mind, ſhe fell at my feet.—" Oh! my father, ſhe cried, if it is in your power, pity, if you cannot forgive, the wicked author of ſuch accumulated miſchief, ah! ſpeak my father, ſpeak, to the wretch who kneels to you

you, tell me, is it only a horrid dream?—tell me, O! tell me, where is my love,—is he alive?—Oh, my father, where, where, is his venerable mother, only ſay, ſhe lives, only ſay, ſhe eſcaped the flames."—"In vain did I try to ſooth, to comfort her; exhauſted by her ſufferings ſhe now ſeemed almoſt motionleſs, and loſt in deſpair and horror; lifting her upon horſeback, before one of my domeſtics, we ſlowly took the road to the Engliſh borders; and in our route diſcovered, the numerous dependants of the Homes aſſembling, already had they lighted up the uſual ſignals of an invaſion.

After a few paces more, on the oppoſite ſide of the river, we ſaw two parties engaged in battle; and haſtened acroſs, but when the horſe on which Jane was ſeated, had reached the middle of the ſtream, (which here ran with rapidity,) it ſlipt and ſhe fell; in vain appeared all our efforts to recover her; when quickly ſtarted from the combat, the gallant Home; he heard it was Lady

Jane

Jane Neville, and careleſs of his life leapt into the ſtream, on his brave arm he bore her,—looking more than triumphantly to the ſcottiſh ſide of the Tweed; attentive to the preſervation of my child, I had not obſerved Lord Howard had alſo croſſed the river; and whilſt wet and exhauſted, Home was carrying his lifeleſs burden up the bank, had attacked him with fury; Home was ſtunned by the blow, but recovering and feeling freſh ſpirit, as if by inſpiration at the ſight of my daughter, at one ſtroke ſtretched the proud Lord Howard ſenſeleſs at his feet.

Jane yet was inſenſible of all that paſſed by her lay the dying Howard, and leaning upon the hilt of his ſword, Sir Alexander the blood flowing from his wound, and his pale countenance convulſed with pangs.

The dead body of Howard, with the ſcarce animated form of Jane, and her wounded lover, formed ſuch a picture of miſery,—that nature ſtood aghaſt at.—

The

The combatants on each ſide ſeparated; the few who remained aſſiſted in taking their Lord and Lady Jane, to a cottage which ſtood near the fatal banks.

Awakened to a full ſenſe of all her miſery, Jane, regardleſs of herſelf, watched over her beloved Home, while hope glimmered a ſingle ray,—that ray was always faint and at length vaniſhed at once, leaving the proſpect in dreary unillumined darkneſs, for the midnight frown terminated the exiſtence of this noble and generous chieftain."—Here the Earl ſighed moſt bitterly, aroſe, walked haſtily acroſs the apartment, and throwing himſelf down by the bedſide, clapt his hand to his forehead in an agony, which half awaked Jane, while he ejaculated, " ah! and thou my child art the next victim.—

In a broken voice that pierced my very ſoul, ſcarcely articulate, ſhe ſighed out,—" nay ſtay my lover, my huſband; why ſhould you go? it is Howard, I knew him well, bloody and revengeful!—ah my head!

Home

Home hold it to your boſom,—but you are wet,—why did you plunge in? why did you ſave me?" Her voice ſunk by degrees, and I could diſtinguiſh no more.

The Earl replaced himſelf by me, and after he had ſomewhat calmed his agitation, informed me, that Jane was at that time as inſenſible of her ſufferings, that he did not even gueſs at the violence of her fever, but had by eaſy ſtages, conveyed his unconſcious daughter till they reached this village, where the exceſs of delirium and weakneſs, obliged them to ſtop.

Jane ſlept till almoſt noon, and when ſhe awoke, the phyſician we had brought from Newcaſtle, gave us room to hope for her recovery; now we urged the departure of Lord and Lady Percy, who accordingly left us, on the following day, for court.—And in a week's time, my ſiſter was able to travel, by ſlow degrees, to Newcaſtle; it was reluctantly the Earl ſet out to follow them.

The

The Counteſs ſtill knew not what had happened in her abſence, it was judged neceſſary for the intereſt of Percy, ſhe ſhould ſtill be near the king. In a few weeks my ſiſter Ann, (who had attended my mother to London) returned with her, and my brother Thomas to Newcaſtle.

The Earl and Lord Percy being left at court, we learnt he was to have all his honours reſtored, by the next parliament.—Jane, altho' recovered from indiſpoſition of body, laboured under a fixed dejection of ſpirits, from which ſhe never appeared likely to be free. I ſpent my whole time in her apartment, except when forced out by my mother for air; wholly inattentive to every thing around her, ſhe would ſit for days without ſpeaking, the mute image of fixed deſpair; when I was abſent, ſhe appeared reſtleſs and uneaſy, and on my return, would riſe, throw her arms round me, and in ſoul-rending accents, exclaim, "ah Cicely! I thought even you, had

had deſerted me.—Oh! had I, my ſiſter liſtened to you, ſtill would He have lived,—wretch that I am, He died to ſave me, why did not the flames devour me with Lady Home?—Why, my beloved, didſt thou ſnatch me from the waters of Tweed? hide me, Cicely, from myſelf,—do I live, whilſt he lays cold, cold in the earth? yes my ſiſter, that noble heart which beat for me, for me my ſiſter, is now cold and ſenſeleſs." And after exhauſting herſelf, ſhe would ſink again into abſent melancholy. Ann declined attending upon her ſiſter, and the preſence of the Counteſs, evidently diſtreſſed her, I alone therefore ſat with her the mournful day, and my ſleep was interrupted by the ſad ſighs of the night; thus paſſed a long, long, interval.

What was my joy Matilda, when again I was claſped to the gentle heart of Lady Percy? who accompanied her Lord to Newcaſtle, where we ſtill remained, on account of a noted phyſician who reſided there

there; he judged it improper the poor ſufferer, ſhould ſee either Eleanor or her Lord. But Lady Percy's heart longed to ſympathize in the dear girl's afflictions; and ſhe would not be refuſed admittance to her apartment; on her entrance Jane ſcreamed, and ſtarting from her ſeat, "Eleanor, ſhe cried, come you to reproach me, nay, do not my ſiſter; forgive for I am ſtill your ſiſter, (and ſhe would have knelt to her,) the murderer of your Percy's friend? ah! let him curſe me, but do you my gentle girl, pardon and pity me.—

Eleanor threw her arms round the lovely mourner, and bedewed her ſorrows with tears of compaſſion and love. "No, my dear ſiſter, deem it not poſſible, the generous ſoul of Harry Percy can even think hardly of you; truſt me Jane, your misfortunes, and thoſe of the gallant Home, have often wrung from his heart, the ſigh of pity;—that is his deepeſt curſe."—"Will he then, forlorn and wretched as I am, viſit me? can he bear my ſight?

ſight? ſhe cried, with more animation then I had long heard her expreſs.—" Aſſuredly my beloved girl, if you wiſh it, he will gladly ſee you, replied Lady Percy, and pour the balm of affection on your wounded ſpirit."

The preſence of the friend of her lover, had an effect upon Jane, we in vain had wiſhed for; a thouſand recollections ſeemed to ruſh on her mind at once, a plentiful ſhower of tears relieved her burſting heart, and gave us hopes they might produce the beſt effect.—

" Oh! what miſery has my duplicity cauſed, exclaimed the weeping maiden, oh! Percy, had I ſuffered the gallant Home to entruſt you with our mutual love, you would generouſly have ſued to the Earl, you would have told him, your friend was worthy the firſt of Engliſh dames, that his daughter did not diſhonour the noble race from which ſhe ſprung, when ſhe acknowledged the paſſion ſhe felt; it was his wiſh, Percy, my father too would

would have liſtened to you; let me hold my ſenſes heaven,—he is no more,—his mother, —his domains,—does not his whole family curſe me? and am not I accurſed; oh Percy! do you not alſo curſe me? yes you do; wretch that I am, for me he died, the nobleſt youth, the warmeſt friend, the kindeſt,— he loved you Harry Percy with all the enthuſiaſm a generous ſoul could feel; oft did he talk of you, oft rejoice, that an alliance with the maid he loved, but tied him cloſer to his friend:—what long, long days of happineſs did he not teach me to look forward to! all hope of happineſs is ſet now in eternal night; happineſs died with him,—it ſits now in the ſilent tomb, where reſts my lover, and there I long to meet them both.

Is not my crime a crying one, the ſin of diſobedience? yet is it not ſeverely puniſhed? —no, no, does juſtice ſtill ſleep? am I not a murderer, is not the arm of God and man upriſen againſt me? why am I ſuffered ſtill to live, to pollute with my preſence,—a

murderer's preſence, the calm of innocence and the enjoyments of ſpotleſs purity !"

She had been allowed to utter her heart-moving complaints, till we feared from ſilent melancholy, ſhe might relapſe again into delirium; Percy tried to ſooth her woes, his voice ſeemed to poſſeſs a power over her, beyond any thing elſe, and he left her in the evening, in a calmer ſtate than ſhe had been, ſince the fatal firing of the caſtle; that night too ſhe ſlept.

The next morning Percy and Eleanor, again viſited Jane, ere they ſet out for Warkworth; the Duke of Bedford on whom it had been beſtowed, had in compliment to the Counteſs of Weſtmorland, given it up, for the reſidence of Lord Percy; as legal reſtitution could not be made of his attainted lands, till the terms were ſettled, for an exchange between him and Murdock Earl of Fife.

Ann

Ann accompanied them, and Jane now attempted to join in familiar converſation; tho' ſtill ſunk and dejected yet ſhe appeared to have ſo far conquered her feeling, as to throw off that deep gloom which bordered ſo near to inſanity.

The Earl of Weſtmorland arrived, ſoon after Ann had left Newcaſtle; he was impatient to claſp this dear ſufferer, and the firſt interview between them was truly affecting; the Earl in ſome degree condemning himſelf, for the melancholy effects that ſucceeded the ill fated Sir Alexander's attachment.

We were ſoon able to journey towards Raby, where we had not been long, till my father was ſummoned to attend the parliament at Weſtminſter, with him went the Counteſs and my ſiſter Ann, whoſe marriage with Humphrey Stafford, the ſon of the Earl of Stafford, by Ann Plantagenet, daughter of Thomas Duke of Glouceſter, was ſhortly to take place; this powerful alliance

was highly agreeable to both families, and already ſeemed adding the conſcious importance of our ſiſter Ann.

Percy was now obliged to appear firſt at court, after which he was to return to Scotland, Eleanor in his abſence, yielding to our importunities, took up her reſidence at Raby.—How changed was the appearance of this charming place, from the laſt time we were there; when the Earl preſided and hoſpitality, and ſplendor, went hand in hand; the apartments crowded with noble gueſts, the courts with numerous domeſtics and happy retainers of the family, each ſun roſe to awake us to freſh diverſions; now ſilence reigned through the whole caſtle, the walls no longer echoed to the minſtrel's ſong, and the ſhouts of joy; but all was dull, and lifeleſs.

Jane whoſe brilliant wit had illuminated every ſubject, was poſſeſſed with a melancholy, which ſeemed fixed for ever; the charming Eleanor

Eleanor was parted from her Lord, on whom ſhe doted, was ſerious tho' not gloomy, what then had I to rouſe me, from appearances ſo torpid, but the conſciouſneſs that I had an important duty to diſcharge, in attending and conſoling thoſe beloved ſiſters, the delight and comfort of my life?

At this time the king had declared his intention, to claim the crown of France; all the nobility and yeomanry were in commotion, raiſing their vaſſals and the men at arms, it was equally their duty and pride to furniſh.—Jane had already profeſſed her firm reſolution to take the veil, and had prefered her requeſt to the Earl, reluctantly did he promiſe ſhe ſhould be ſuffered to commence her novitiate, after the enſuing ſummer.

Our relaxations were little varied, we ſometimes rode in the park, when the early ſtate of the ſpring would admit; Jane whoſe ſtrength of mind and body ſeemed to be re-

turning, (although her vivacity, once the life of each circle was fled for ever;)—appeared now capable of exerting herſelf, merely ſo far as ſhe deemed it her indiſpenſible duty; her mind was poſſeſſed of powers, much above what falls to the common ſhare of our ſex; its elaſticity was ſhortly to be proved.

Conſiſtent was it to her character, that her whole ſoul was engroſſed by grief, her affections unalterably fixed upon Sir Alexander, her love appeared interwoven with her exiſtence, ſhe could only hope through life, to ſhew herſelf unchanged, and that her heart was a living monument, in which was enſhrined the adored image of her lover.

We were ſitting one day, under the ſhade of an ancient oak, (a ſpot conſecrated to affection, for here we had firſt ſeen Percy,) when a courier arrived, by whom we leant Ann was married, that the following week the Counteſs would ſet out, upon her return to Raby,

Raby, the Earl accompanying her, from whence he was to proceed to the borders; as the ſcottiſh marches were committed to his charge;—Lords Manly and Dacres, the huſbands of my ſiſters Maud and Phillippa, being appointed his aſſiſtants; he was alſo conſtituted one of the Lords of the council. —Our joy at this intelligence was damped, by the idea of the danger which would attend ſo many of our friends, in the propoſed expedition to France; our converſation had naturally turned on the marriage of our ſiſter Ann.

"How different my dear Eleanor, was your union, cried I unthinkingly, Ann regards but the ſplendor of her choice, there ſhe is gratified; you gave your hand to him, you would have choſen, had you been the child of ſome lowly peaſant, and he the herdſman of ſome neighbouring flock."—Lady Percy by her looks made me ſenſible of my error, I directed my attention to Jane, whoſe expreſſive countenance ſeemed almoſt convulſed.—

"Cicely, ſhe ſaid, let me warn you, to guard well, that ſenſible, that ſuſceptible heart; how ſeverely oh God! thou knoweſt have I paid for giving way, to emotions too lively to be controuled by reaſon, ah! had I like Eleanor, waited a parent's bleſſing, I ſhould not now mourn, as I mourn, a miſery ſo deſerved,—an outcaſt from ſociety I ought to be; the murderer of a whole family; often my ſiſters, do my dreams preſent Lady Home amidſt the flames of her caſtle; now view I Lady Douglas calling aloud for vengeance, ſhe waves a blazing torch, a bloody flag, and rouſes her countrymen, to the deſtruction of the Nevilles.

In vain I bid them glut their wrath upon me, they tell me, horrid was the ruin, great muſt be the ſacrifice, a whole race fell, a whole race muſt expiate their fall:—where——O! where ſhall I find reſt,—will peace dwell my ſiſters, within the hallowed walls of Barking, there ſhall I devote all the ornaments of happier days, for this widowed garb ſhall wrap me, till the holy habit

habit confirms me penitent; no earthly lover can ſucceed to him, whoſe bones may moulder in duſt, but whoſe exalted ſpirit well pleaſed looks down from heaven, to guard the very thought, the very action, of his devoted bride: yes my ſiſters, his dear idea animates me, to a fortitude worthy of him; nor would I thus fly from the trials of a buſy world, nor ſeek a ſhelter from its evils in a convent, were it not my father would preſs me to make a choice amongſt thoſe nobles, who have long ſolicited his alliance; alas! dare I again withſtand my parent, again oppoſe my wiſhes to his will, forbid it bleſſed Mary, and you good St. Cuthbert, ſtrengthen my reſolutions, and receive me as your adopted daughter."

Jane appeared exhauſted, while Eleanor and I wept; fearful and trembling I could ſcarce urge their return to the caſtle.

As we roſe, Jane continued, " long my dear ſiſters have I wiſhed to acquaint you,

with the progreſs of my love for Home; but I felt not ſufficient ſtrength of mind; tomorrow, perhaps to-morrow you ſhall hear all."

"Let then, my dear Jane, ſaid Lady Percy, the recital be made at this ſeat; here I fancy my Lord is always with me, here I feel a degree of fortitude, as if really bleſſed with his preſence."

The following day ſaw us ſeated under Eleanor's oak,—and Jane began her ſtory, "Prepoſſeſſed by the fame of his noble exploits; in favour of Sir Alexander Home, ere I ſaw him; you will not then wonder, at the love which I felt for the gallant ſcot: his air, his manner, were thoſe of an hero, he ſeemed to command my admiration;—but when I found he was attached to me, that I had inſpired him with equal ſentiments, what were my feelings then!—I frankly avowed my love, forgetting that love wanted a parent's ſanction, ſeverely I feel the curſe upon diſobedient children.

I will

I will no longer diſtreſs you, by my ſad reflections, but proceed with my ſtory,—you recollect, Cicely, the billet the ill fated Sir Alexander drew from his boſom, the morning we ſaw him and his party quit the caſtle; this billet he found means to anſwer, through the aſſiſtance of my attendant Iſabel; in it he purpoſed quitting his party, as ſoon as they had croſſed the borders, and returning to the hermitage in the foreſt, whoſe inhabitant having formerly received many obligations from the family of Home, he had yielded ſo far to his intereſt, as to allow him to uſe his cell, and by wearing his garb, paſs to the edge of the foreſt unſuſpected; I had allowed him room to hope, he might ſtay there, in watchful expectation of ſometimes beholding me; he concluded, by entreating, I would vouchſafe him an interview the following morning, appointing the place."

"Ah! too eaſily did I agree to his requeſt; before the gates of the caſtle were

opened the next day, accompanied by Iſabel, I ſallied out at a private poſtern, of which ſhe found means to procure the key, and alſo a contrivance to paſs the moat which ſurrounded the caſtle, we ſoon met Home, who again entreated my permiſſion, to aſk the Earl's conſent to his love."

" The fears of being cloſely watched, the certain expectation now that my father had given his honour to Lord Howard, of my marrying him; for well I knew, how dear the Lord warden held his honour, all urged me to refuſe him."

" I had ſeen Howard at Raby, even then I took a diſlike to him, even then did I ſee through the thin plauſibility of his manners, his revengeful and vindictive temper, that his boaſted courage was the effect of a furious ſpirit, utterly devoid of that generoſity, which warmed the breaſt of the gallant Home, which prompted Harry Percy to conceal his love, which

which drew him forth to defend us, which ſaved the life of our father at the hazard of his own; my ſoul diſdained the offer of ſuch an heart, I had treated him almoſt with contempt, when he ſolicited my hand, I was convinced it was not Jane, but the daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland he ſought, the advantage of a connexion ſo widely, and ſo powerfully allied; no, it was not Jane Neville he loved, the ſame to Howard would it have been, had I been equally deformed in mind and body.—Ah! to have ſet in oppoſition to him, the noble, the generous, the high ſpirited Home, could I but love him, could I but deteſt Howard. In the moments of reaſon ſubdued, when love triumphed over duty, a plan was laid for our future meetings.

"At length the day of our departure was fixed, I ſent a haſty billet to Home, and that day in diſguiſe, he entered the caſtle, when all were abſent but myſelf.—In all the phrenzy of deſpair, he threw himſelf at my feet, urged me to fly, he would

would beg his mother to protect me, ſhe would not refuſe, ſhe never did refuſe him any thing; when he found I would not grant this requeſt: he ſwore no power on earth ſhould divide us, he would ſeek Lord Howard, he would make him ſenſible of his rights; the prior rights of love to avarice and ambition."

"My dagger, exclaimed Home, my dagger ſhall end the conteſt, who is he that ſhall pretend to Lady Jane Neville?"

"Now he determined to throw off his diſguiſe, and avow himſelf openly to my father."

"Surely Home, I cried you are frantic."

"Have I not reaſon, go; you love, you prefer this Howard;—but know perfidious girl, he ſhall not eſcape my vengeance, this inſtant I ſet out for my Caſtle, from there ſhall I ſeek this minion,—how have you

you deceived me! falſe one, falſe one!" ere I had time to reply, he flew out of the apartment, and mounting the battlements diſguiſed as he was, took the road which led acroſs the borders.

Dreading the conſequences which might enſue, I wrote a haſty billet to the impetuous chief, aſſuring him, if he aſked the conſent of my father, and was refuſed, I would elope with him;— provided Lady Home would aſſure me of her protection, and he promiſed to treat me as a ſiſter, till my father's conſent could be procured; as I was reſolved never to marry without it; my faithful page ſet out ſecretly with this, and reached the caſtle, juſt as Sir Alexander was mounting to ſeek revenge.

"Need I repeat that Home ſolicited, and the Lord Warden refuſed him.—"

Yet believe me, my ſiſters, I blamed not my father, I knew his integrity, and was con-

conſcious his promiſe to Lord Howard muſt be kept ſacred, whatever oppoſition a weak helpleſs daughter might urge;—nor did it ſurpriſe me to learn our departure was fixed, to take place within two days."

"You, ſaid my father, are the deſtined bride of the Lord Howard, my word is paſt, it is irrevocable; the gallant manners of the ſcottiſh chief, have not I hope influenced your affections, as the wife of Howard, you muſt think no more of him."—

"I do, ſaid I, with an air of triumph, promiſe to think no more of Sir Alexander when I am Lady Howard, and quitted my father to anſwer a letter from my lover, and this was the ſubſtance of it."

"I have this moment, my dear Home, left the Earl, I have promiſed him, yes, Home, I have promiſed to think no more of you;—but not till I am Lady Howard,—then I ſolemnly promiſed to think no more of

of him, for whom alone I live;—Home, ere thou ſhalt ſee thy Jane wedded to any but thyſelf, thou ſhalt ſee her pale corpſe ſtretched at the feet of her father, herſelf ſuddenly ending a life ſhe could no longer ſuſtain.—Yes, my beloved, into thy hands am I going to reſign myſelf, my fair fame, the unſullied reputation of the daughters of Neville. To thee the high ſpirited deſcendant of kings and heroes, Weſtmorland's daughter yields,—nay ſhe implores thy protection,—be conſtant,—be faithful.—Truſt me no doubts filled my boſom of thy honour, when I prevaricatingly ſmiled at the Lord Warden's precaution. We are to ſet out for Newcaſtle in two days. My plans are laid, I dread not this early departure,—I long for it,—come tomorrow evening to the caſtle, nor quit its vicinity till accompanied by your Jane Neville."

"I ſaw, my dear Cicely your uneaſineſs, I ſaw you ſuſpected me, tho' you ſcarce knew what to ſuſpect; I could not bear your inter-

interrogations, you remember the pains I took to avoid you.—Nor need I repeat to you, my deceiving my father by a pretended ſickneſs.

Meeting with Lord Percy wonderfully diſconcerted me, but love is quick in its ſuggeſtions and I eluded him, ſetting out full gallop, attended by my page and Iſabel, (both of whom were in the ſecret,) under pretence of following the Earl; we joined Sir Alexander at the verge of the foreſt, and immediately took the contrary road, to that my father was gone, the ſound of whoſe horſes feet ſtill ſtruck upon my ear."

"The day gloomed, the wind whiſtled cold thro' the almoſt leafleſs trees; my ſiſter ſeemed exhauſted, and tho' longing to hear the ſequel, I propoſed our returning to the caſtle, and having ſome refreſhment.

Slowly were we winding through a little copſe, when a ſtranger haſtily croſſed the path,

path, " either, ſaid Jane, turning and looking after him, I am deceived, or I have ſomewhere ſeen that face," ſhe trembled as ſhe ſpoke, the blood had forſaken her cheeks.—" My fears, ſaid ſhe, magnify every thing, they were not once the inhabitants of this breaſt; but the guilty heart ever dreads its puniſhment, ah! too ſure am I, ſome evil hangs impending over the towers of Raby, grant,—O! grant, I alone may ſuffer."—In vain did we endeavour to diſſuade Jane there was nothing to alarm her, in the appearance of the perſon we had ſeen, but from this mere ſuggeſtion gave orders, for a double guard to the caſtle through the night.

Eleanor begged ſhe would not proceed with her relation, when we were again ſeated in one of the now ſolitary halls, but Jane ſaid, " truſt to my firmneſs; although I look with horror on the ſad, the fatal effects of my love, yet in tracing thoſe ſad ſcenes, I feel a fortitude which ſeems to whiſper, I

I ſhall

I ſhall meet my lover a happy ſpirit, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.—We ſoon, continued my ſiſter, arrived at Home-caſtle, ah! my revered, my amiable Lady Home, can I, whilſt I breathe, forget the reception you gave me!—I felt abaſhed at the dignity of her appearance, which reminded me I had a mother, yet tempered with ſuch a ſweetneſs of countenance, that whilſt it enforced reſpect, yet alſo commanded my love, but you my ſiſters, have ſeen her ſon: alone was he worthy ſuch a mother, ſhe received from him all the reſpect, all the attention, ſuch a parent merited.—She ſeemed to pity me, for the raſh ſtep I had taken, yet by her attentions, ſeemed to ſay, had ſhe been Sir Alexander ſhe would ſo have perſuaded; I was encouraged by her kindneſs;—ſhe would herſelf, ſhe ſaid, have followed the Earl to endeavour to reconcile him, but then I ſhould be left unſanctioned by her preſence; ſhe would viſit him, but thought the firſt effuſions of his anger had beſt be over, and the

the courier was diſpatched only on the very day indeed, the Earl returned again to the borders.

The news of my being at Home-caſtle reached her only other child, who was married into the powerful family of Douglas.—How different from her mother, fiery and vindictive, proud of her family, and high connexions, ſhe burnt with fury to hear her brother, had at his caſtle an Engliſhwoman, the very name ſhe hated, that he was reſolved to marry her, yet ſued and waited a permiſſion for it.

Sir Alexander had recently gone out, when his fierce ſiſter entered the caſtle;—her behaviour was rude to brutality, her language equally as unbecoming to her mother as herſelf, whom ſhe cenſured for receiving me; on Home's return, ſhe haughtily aſſured him, did he marry me, an Engliſh woman, he might ſeek the protection, of that nation, he choſe to ſeek a wife from:—

is

" Is there ſhe cried diſdainfully, no fair heireſs, whoſe blood has flowed thro' noble veins, for ages in Scotland, that ſhould have yielded to thy ſuit, but thou muſt go to the ſworn enemies of thy country for a wife? a fairer maiden would have crowned thy bed, richer dames ſtill ſigh for thee, thou diſgrace to thy race, diſgrace to thy nation; no longer ſhall it look on thee, as a ſcot thou haſt ſullied the name;" ſhe advanced to me panic ſtruck, and ere I could recall my ſpirits, ſhook me furiouſly, yes thou minion, I will rouſe a ſtorm on the borders, ſhall rend thee to atoms."—

Home in agony of paſſion, dragged her from me,—" and think you, ſhe cries, I will not ſeparate you;" then falling on her knees, ſwore ſolemnly to be revenged for the inſult put upon herſelf; for I now found ſhe had propoſed a match rich and noble, which after ſeeing me he had refuſed.—I trembled, yes even I trembled, as I ſtill do, at the malice of the Douglas,—would I was

this moment in a cloiſter, or rather with my loved Home, for there alone can I be ſafe from her vindictive fury; yet may ſhe aim perhaps her vengeance, not alone at me; this is why I involuntarily dread the ſight of every ſtranger."—" Are we not, my dear Jane, here ſecure from her malice? think what a diſtance it is to the borders, are we not ſurrounded by my father's vaſſals?"

" Alas! my ſweet girl, ſhe replied, you are ignorant of Lady Douglas's temper, you forget the power, the number of the family ſhe is allied to, of that ſhe is deſcended from; oh! ſhe will rouſe them all, to revenge her, upon the Nevilles;—for *myſelf* I ſmile at all her power, but you my ſiſters, ſhould her fury light upon you, I could not ſupport it."—" Ah would to God whiſpered the gentle Eleanor, my Percy were now with us, we need not then to fear a thouſand Douglaſes."—" Reſume, my dear Jane, your ſtory, the night wears away faſt."—" I was, ſaid the fair ſufferer, ſpeaking of Lady Douglas viſiting

ing Home-caſtle, which ſhe left ſtill denouncing vengenance."

Sitting one evening with Lady Home and Sir Alexander, anxiouſly waiting the event of her letter, a horn ſounded at the gate ſo loud, I ſtarted, and throwing my arms round Lady Home; "ah! ſaid I my father, ſhield me, hide me, I cannot face him, it is indeed the Earl of Weſtmorland."

"Do not agitate yourſelf my child, the Earl will not force you hence."—"O! yes, he will, he comes to give me to that deteſted Howard."—A ſingle moment convinced me, it was not my father; but Howard, the deteſted Howard himſelf: for his eſquire entered, and brought a challenge, in the moſt abuſive ſtile from Howard to Sir Alexander, threatening immediate deſtruction did he not yield me up, and inſiſting on his coming out of the gates, that the quarrel might be inſtantly decided."

"Where, cried Sir Alexander, could Lord

Lord Howard meet with a man to carry a meſſage, ſo much beneath a knight to give or a gentleman to carry?"—"Villain, take this anſwer," ſaid the bearer of the audacious meſſage, and would have run his dagger, thro' the generous, and unguarded hero, had I not wrenched aſide the weapon.

Sir Alexander then called his domeſtics, who broke the wretches ſword over his head, hacked off his ſpurs, as the greateſt diſgrace a warrior could ſuffer, and binding his arms behind his back, turned him out of the caſtle.—So unworthy a meſſenger deſerved no other anſwer.—Again the horn ſounded, and Howard himſelf now ſounded defiance.

I threw myſelf at the feet of Sir Alexander, wept, conjured him, by his love for me, to refuſe meeting Howard till morning, as it was already twilight, at length he yielded, and gave the anſwer I wiſhed; the caſtle was now beſet with a numerous banditti; they made a feint of retreating, and

my lover with the beſt part of my defenders ardently purſued, till we loſt ſight of both parties; but another troop advanced, who ſeemed reſolved to force the principal gate, this we defended for ſome time, when a cry of victory alarmed us, and ſhortly after we found the caſtle in flames, nor was there the ſlighteſt probability of our eſcaping, but by delivering ourſelves up to the banditti, who loudly urged us to do ſo, without which all muſt periſh; Lady Home, my faithful Iſabel and I, dreaded this cruel death, leſs than the inſults of thoſe barbarians, boldly refuſed them,—as yet the fire had not reached the higheſt tower, by a ſecret ſtaircaſe we aſcended it, and the domeſtics opening the gates the wretches ruſhed in; enraged at not finding me, they ravaged whatever the fire had not reached, as well for plunder as in the hopes of finding her their leader ſought, but our retreat was inacceſſible, and the violence of the flames, made them return.—No ſooner were theſe wretches gone, than we began to deſcend our winding

ſtair-

ſtaircaſe, in hopes to reach a window we might venture to leap from: I went firſt, Iſabel followed, Lady Home was laſt, juſt as I reached the bottom of the ſtairs they fell in, Iſabel dropped with them amidſt the flames; Lady Home was ſtill ſafe above, "go, ſhe cried my dear child, throw yourſelf from a window in the room which adjoins my chamber, it is the only one which is not in flames, that will open wide enough to allow you; I will return to the top of the tower, providence yet may interpoſe in my favour, here I cannot ſupport the heat,—haſte, oh! haſte to ſave your life, if you ſurvive, tell my ſon my laſt breath ſhall expire in invoking bleſſings on you both, adieu! for ever."—Jane was overcome by the recollection of this ſad parting, ſhe ſtopped, we walked acroſs the room, and ſtriving to ſuppreſs her feelings proceeded, by informing us ſhe ſtaid where ſhe was, till almoſt ſuffocated, then ſeeking the window deſcribed by Lady Home, threw herſelf down; there ſaid ſhe, I lay motionleſs till I was again claſped to the breaſt of my father.—

You know the ſad cataſtrophe, do I yet live to ſay, the revered parent of Sir Alexander periſhed amidſt the flames, ſo did my faithful Iſabel.——

My page too, Anthony, whoſe foſter ſiſter I was, he fell in the conflict;—yet ſaid ſhe riſing, Sir Alexander Home ſtill ſurvived,—and died to ſave his mother's murderer, ah! what can efface the crime of filial diſobedience?"—After Jane had finiſhed her melancholy recital, and appeared a little more compoſed, we retired to reſt.

In the morning ſhe again expreſſed her fears, at the appearance of the ſtranger, nor could ſhe reſiſt, accompanied by the knight left by the Earl as our guardian and keeper of the caſtle, to ſearch every apartment, every place of ſhelter in the park; nothing was found, nothing ſeen, on which ſhe could ground any room for dread, and a few days after, the weather being uncommonly fine, it was propoſed we ſhould ride

out, " but not ſaid Jane without a guard; nay do not laugh at my precaution, a ſecret horror hangs over me ſtill."——

In compliance with her wiſhes, we were attended by a number of armed domeſtics.

Eleanor finding herſelf much indiſpoſed, when we were only a little diſtance from the caſtle, returned; Jane and I would alſo, but ſhe inſiſted upon our proceeding, as we propoſed viſiting the mother of Jane's faithful page, who periſhed in the fatal conflict; as nurſe ſhe had another claim, and neither were unregarded by the noble minded girl.—The cottage of Alice ſtood near the extremity of the park, ere we reached it we muſt paſs the ſhattered remains of an old caſtle; once the reſidence of a ſaxon chief, but nearly demoliſhed when William the Norman, laid waſte the See of Saint Cuthbert,—the towers overgrown with ivy, ſeemed tottering to their baſis, affording ſhelter to owls and ravens, and all kind of voracious

birds; the wary ſhepherd drove his flock from the threatening ruin, and the walls would have been pulled down ere this, had they not been ſpared at the requeſt of the Earl's firſt Lady, who admired their romantic appearance; ſtill therefore the Earl preſerved them, ſad was the preſervation to his children; for we had not paſt it many minutes, when a band of ſcotchmen (for ſuch their dreſs proclaimed them,) ruſhed out.—" Alas, exclaimed Jane, good Saint Cuthbert aſſiſt me. Guard, ſhe cried to our attendants, my ſiſter."—We were far from aſſiſtance, to eſcape was impoſſible, as did we offer to return to Raby we muſt meet the ruffians;—I was put in the centre, where I conjured my ſiſter to ſtay, " fear not ſhe ſaid, for me," and making one of the pages diſmount, threw off her ſable dreſs, and exchanging it with him, again mounted armed with a ſpear. The ſcot now reached us, headed by the very man whoſe appearance had alarmed Jane ſo much, he commanded that the Ladies ſhould be delivered up, and threatened

theatened death to him who ſhould oppoſe, then making an effort to ſeize Thomalin (the page who wore Jane's dreſs,) a ſcuffle enſued; in which my ſiſter gave orders with the utmoſt prudence; twice did the undaunted heroine encounter the chief, twice was he unhorſed, and ariſing from his ſecond fall, he let his weighty axe fall on his adverſary's head, learn, ſaid he thou ſaucy page, to pay a better deference to ſuperiors. Jane, my poor ſiſter fell; the beſt of our party were wounded, and the remainder fled, Thomalin and myſelf ſeemed rivetted to the ſpot where Jane lay motionleſs. The chief of the ruffians tied our arms behind us, and leading our horſes retired to the old caſtle, out of which they iſſued.

Entering one of the towers, a trap door was opened and we all deſcended; how was I ſurpriſed at finding myſelf in a large apartment, out of which opened ſeveral paſſages, a ſecret I believe utterly unknown to every perſon at Raby. "Here, ſaid the chief of

the band, you are safe, it is really a pity to part you, altho' (nodding to *Thomalin*) it was but you, we had a commission to seize, we have waited long here; yet in despite of your precautions, we escaped your search." I at length ventured to ask them, to allow me a few minutes private conversation with my sister, this was granted; I begged of Thomalin to hide his face as much as possible, his dress indeed concealed it almost, and it was agreed he should persevere in silence, lest his voice might discover him.

"Ah! Lady Cicely, cried the page, do not, I owe my life, my more than life to the Earl? how gladly, heaven knows, would I resign it to serve you!"—I felt confirmed by those expressions of attachment, and after settling plans for our conduct, began to examine the room we were in, and found the small portion of light we had, came in by chinks equal with the ground;—it grew darker, and we heard the villains consult about firing Raby;— we also learnt from con-

converſation, that the ruins had been ſearched, and that a party ſtill guarded them, whoſe deſtruction they vowed.—When night had involved all in darkneſs, we heard the trap door open, and ſome of the ruffians depart; one ſoon returned with the news of the party being ſecured who had watched them.

What were my feelings, think you my dear Matilda, ſhut up in this dungeon with a ſet of abandoned wretches, at whoſe entire mercy I lay,—the caſtle of my fathers in a blaze, my beloved ſiſter Percy involved in its ruin; whilſt extended a pale corpſe beneath the waving boughs, lay the noble Jane; —theſe dreadful images chaced each other thro' my brain in ſilent agony, till near day-break, when one of the villains returned, who bade the party immediately abandon their retreat, in hurried accents he informed his confederates, that no ſooner did they attempt paſſing the ditch, than they were ſurrounded, and all made priſoners but himſelf.

A faint gleam of hope darted thro' me, ſure Jane lives thought I, ſhe, and ſhe alone muſt have planned this ſucceſsful ſally.—We were now compelled to ſet out, as they were ſatisfied their retreat would be known from thoſe who were taken priſoners; our road was taken through unfrequented paths, in a contrary direction to that, it might be ſuppoſed we ſhould go; after making a conſiderable circuit, we entered the foreſt of Morwood; ah! what grief ſmote me, as I viewed the ſtately caſtle of Barnard, could its noble owner know, a daughter of the houſe of Neville was ſo near, ſo diſtreſſed, how gladly would he ruſh to ſave her!

Where ſcarce a paſſage was allowed us, we took our unfrequented way to avoid purſuit, for juſt at the time we reached Morwood, a troop of horſe was ſeen at a little diſtance; ſick with fear, overcome with fatigue, my clothes rent by the buſhes, and catching at an opening of the wood, a view of the caſtle of the Fitzhughs; I threw myſelf

ſelf on the ground, I refuſed to move; whilſt they were buſied about me, Thomalin was making his eſcape; which I had begged him to endeavour, but he was ſoon brought back, it was now time to inform them of the change of dreſs, which had deceived their hopes, irritated at the deception, they ſhouldered their weapons at Thomalin, which he luckily eſcaped, but they dragged me as a wretched victim to be offered up, on the altar of diſappointment: deliberating on the means of diſpatching Thomalin, they for a while heeded me little, when riſing haſtily and running with all my ſpeed to the edge of a ſteep rock; ſtand off barbarians, I exclaimed, or this moment you loſe your prey;—ſwear ſolemnly to commit no violence upon the page, and I will accompany you, but refuſing, I throw myſelf headlong down this precipice, approach not a ſingle ſtep, or even his life ſhall not reſtrain me."

They ſaw I was reſolute, my looks were deſperation, and I ſtood prepared to execute

my purpoſe, with but one foot reſting on the ground.—" Ah! not for me, ſaid the faithful page, ſhalt thou ſuffer, I will plunge myſelf a willing victim to your revenge, amidſt the waters of the Tees, ſpare but this noble Lady." He was commanded to be ſilent, and the ruffians conſulting together a ſhort ſpace, knelt down, and ſolemnly ſwore, if I ſurrendered myſelf, they would offer him no harm.

Matilda,—had I then ended my days, what a train of evils, during a long life would have been avoided! had I indeed been conſcious of theſe evils, what could have withheld me, from plunging into eternity!—Merciful, my beloved friend, is providence, in unfolding our fate by ſlow degrees, or ſure this withered heart, muſt long, long ſince, have ſunk beneath this preſſure of misfortune; then undepreſſed by woe, it almoſt yielded to joy, when on finding its requeſt granted; brought up with me from my infancy, I had looked on this youth as a brother,

a brother, the favourite of my brother Thomas, whoſe page he was, he had joined in all my childiſh ſchemes of happineſs, and a ſharer now in my diſtreſs,—to loſe him was worſe than death.

Finding I could no longer walk, the wretches cut branches from the trees, of which they made a kind of ſeat, and relieving each other by turns bore me along; bewildered amidſt, the intricacies of the foreſt. —We now I found, approached near the edge of the wood, and lifting up my eyes, I ſaw riſing thro' the trees, gilded by the laſt rays of the ſun, a building, which I knew to be the ancient priory of Eagleſtone; a ſmile animated my dejected features, Thomalin perceiving it, by ſigns bid me repreſs my feeling, nor let my agitation diſcover my hopes; but ſoon were they blaſted, for the foremoſt ſcot now eſpied, that we drew near the habitation of man, and uttering an horrid oath, announced to his companions what he ſaw, who returning into the foreſt, reſolved to ſtay there for the night.

Thomalin begged a hut might be raiſed, to ſhelter me from the cold; but alledging it might diſcover their route, they refuſed it.—"Spare your entreaties Thomalin, you ſpeak to ſavages, a little longer and I ſhall ceaſe to be."

I felt ſinking under diſtreſs of mind, and fatigue of body, when one of the party advanced, and ſaid he had diſcovered an old hut, which appeared to have been erected by ſome woodmen; to this place was I conveyed, a piece of oat-cake was my only refreſhment, and one of the ſcots gave his plaid to wrap me in; a bed was made for me of withered leaves, and Thomalin aſſuring me, he would be my guard, begged I would compoſe myſelf and try to ſleep, "through my body alone ſhall theſe wretches approach you."—I felt ſomewhat reaſſured, and betook me to my miſerable couch, Thomalin threw himſelf before the entrance, and beyond him lay the ſcots on the ground.—Even my diſtracted thoughts were not ſufficiently power-

powerful to keep me awake; I ſlept if that can be called ſleep, while a thouſand diſmal images flit through the brain.

Long ere day break I was awakened, and mounted on horſeback, a party of thoſe marauders, had been detached to ſcout the foreſt during the night, and meeting with ſome defenceleſs cottages had entered, carrying off whatever proviſions they could find; then binding the wretches they had plundered, left them to their fate, from them they had learnt where a number of horſes grazed, belonging to Lord Fitzhugh, and croſſing the Tees, brought them to our ſtation.—Somewhat refreſhed by the ſleep I had, I bore the fatigue a little better, and we gallopped at a furious pace along the banks of the Tees, into whoſe waters I would gladly have precipitated myſelf, to avoid the fate I expected would await me.

We entered the wild and extenſive foreſt of Teeſdale, juſt as the firſt ſtreaks of light

ſhone

ſhone in the eaſt, but had not advanced far, when it was propoſed to diſmount, and a plentiful breakfaſt of the coarſe fare, taken from the peaſants, was ſpread on the graſs; —this over, they proceeded to chuſe a leader, in the room of him taken priſoner at Raby, and I had the ſatisfaction to learn, he was choſen to whom I had been indebted, for the little comfort of the preceding night, he indeed had procured me all the indulgence I received, which ſmall as it was, yet in my ſituation ſeemed a bleſſing; to this high honour was he raiſed, for his dexterity in diſcovering the beautiful horſes of Lord Fitzhugh.—

Again we mounted, but had not proceeded far, when imagining they heard the ſound of voices, we ſtruck into the higher parts of the foreſt, but finding it impoſſible to proceed in this direction, it was reſolved we ſhould ſtay where we were, till towards evening, when they were to endeavour regaining the road we had left; our progreſs was

was thus very ſlow, the thick wood was tangled by buſhes, and the deep moraſſes oft threatened the whole party with deſtruction.—

The night before had been gloomy and dark, but this evening the moon riſing clear and unclouded, it was propoſed we ſhould travel all night, to make up for the ſlowneſs of our preceding journey.

The noiſe of a diſtant fall of water, reached our ears, and the beams of the moon, playing on the ſpray, formed an iris of ever varying ſhades.

When we came near the cataract, Thomalin whiſpered, "refuſe to go further," I was ere he ſpoke, about to object proceeding, but attending to the advice given, I now ſupported myſelf as well as I was able, till we were upon the edge of the precipice, at whoſe foot the foaming waters poured rapidly along; appalled with terror at the horrid din,

din, and already overpowered by fatigue, I ſunk from my horſe,—Thomalin leaped from his, and caught me ere I fell;—the chief of the ſcots aſſiſted in placing me on the ground, and pouring ſome kind of cordial down my throat, ſomewhat revived my ſinking frame. Thomalin with eager earneſtneſs, requeſted their proceeding no further that night.

"I ſhall ſoon faint indeed, were my accents, I ſhall ſoon diſappoint the cruel Lady Douglas, for ſhe I know it is, who thus tears me from my houſe; here ſhall I die," and I threw my deſpairing head on the cold ground. The generous page promiſed to ſtay with the banditti, till they received a large ranſom, which I would ſend them would they releaſe me. Allured by this, they ſeemed ready to conſent, when two of the moſt ſavage ſtarted up, and graſping their ſwords, ſwore an horrible oath, "they would kill me ere I eſcaped;"—then turning to their confederates, "did you not with us, ſwear to revenge the death of our brave captain,

captain, ſlain by Percy, did you not ſolemnly vow, to revenge Lady Douglas on the Nevilles ?" this appeal had the intended effect, the larger half of them ſeizing their ſwords, ſurrounded and threatened me with inſtant death.

Behold me, my dear Matilda, on my knees, ſurrounded by thoſe fierce aſſaſſins, each one with his ſword pointed at my breaſt; I ſtill tremble whilſt I recall this ſcene.—How little did it avail me, that the blood of the Plantagenets flowed in my veins! that the great Earl of Weſtmorland was my father! or that my danger known, a thouſand vaſſals of the houſe of Neville, would riſe to reſcue me! loſt in an immenſe foreſt, this noble deſcendant of ſo much dignity and power, was in the hands of a few lawleſs barbarians; with not an ability of reſcue, beyond what nature would have given the meaneſt peaſant;—ah! that here indeed had ended a life, prolonged to extreme old age, marked indeed by ſplendor of

of ſtation, but deeper marked by private miſery.

Although I thought till it was really ſo near me, death itſelf would be preferable to my ſufferings, yet now it appeared too terrible for my nature not to ſhrink at; I leant my head on the ſhoulder of Thomalin, whoſe voice pleading my cauſe, could not be heard amidſt the threats of the ſavages.

Thoſe who at firſt ſeemed inclined to favour me, now bid the others remember, what might be the conſequence of my deſtruction, and that encumbered with me, they could hardly expect to reach Scotland, but releaſing me, the ranſom would make their fortunes; that it was Percy who killed their leader, and on him with honour they might wreck their vengeance, not on a defenceleſs female.—The ſwords of thoſe who threatened me, were now turned againſt their companions, one party fled before the other, and the page and I were left alone.—"Exert

ert now, he cried, Lady Cicely, all your ſtrength, let us fly ere thoſe wretches return."—" Whither, ſaid I, ſhall we go, alas I am unable even to move."—" Yet, returned he, oh! yet endeavour;" with his aſſiſtance I roſe, and leaning upon his arm, drew cloſe to the brink of the river.—" Whither do you lead me?"

" Truſt me gentle Lady, oh! truſt in my guidance; at the edge of this cataract, dwells an holy hermit, could we reach his abode, ſequeſtered as it is, you would be ſafe, whilſt I return to raiſe the vaſſals of your houſe."

" Ah! my good friend conduct me thither, I will be guided by your councils."—My knees ſhook under me, and ſcarce could Thomalin ſupport my tottering ſteps, as we took our way down a ſlippery winding path, which led to the bottom of the immenſe rock, over which poured the whole force of the river;—here let me pauſe while I recall the impreſſion of the moment, ſtanding

ing at the ſide of the deep gulph, which received the waters as they fell from the rock, the noiſe mocked even the thunder; but being cloſe to it, we could ſcarce diſtinguiſh the ſlighteſt ſound, tho' it furiouſly poured down its craggy ſides.

I caſt my eyes up, and ſaw the water deſcend in one continued ſheet perpendicularly down many feet; the beams of the moon, pierced thro' the aged trees, which overhung the ſtupendous rocks, and dancing on the ſpray, threw a ſilver ſhade over all.—I followed my conductor, down the ſide of the ſtream, which hurried along with rapidity, after paſſing from rock to rock, far from the deafening of the torrent.—"Near this ſhould be the hoary hermit's cell," ſaid Thomalin, and as we caſt our eyes upon the Tees, ſaw the reflected glimmering of a taper with the rough and woody banks, from whence it proceeded.

"Bear up my Lady, lo! yonder, pointing

ing to the place, is the dwelling of the holy Ambroſe."

Wet and weary, I begged he would proceed, and leave me to my fate;—he entreated, he wept, he conſoled me, "if, ſaid he, you perſiſt, I periſh, ſtay here to die, and I will die with you."

Again I exerted all my ſtrength, and creeping on my way-worn knees,—at laſt gained the cell,—and opening the latch, ſaw kneeling at his midnight oriſons the hermit. "Receive, oh! receive, ſaid Thomalin, venerable father, two wretched wanderers,—children of horror and heirs of miſery."

"Enter, my children, miſery is ever welcome here, replied he riſing, and as he bent his looks upon me, I felt a kind of reverential awe, his ſnow white beard hung down to his girdle, which faſtened a coarſe robe of cloth around him,—his eyes beamed a kind of celeſtial radiance, and his countenance

ance ſeemed to denote him ſcarcely allied to mortality; as with looks of benignity he raiſed, and ſupported me to his little fire, wet and almoſt benumbed with cold, its little blaze appeared a glimpſe of heaven itſelf.

Thomalin earneſtly begged him, to block up the ſmall window, or rather chink thro' which the friendly taper, guided our weary ſtep.

"What brings you, cried the hermit, hither at this lonely hour, midſt hills, and woods, and rocks, where all is wild and terrible? what is this Lady, ſure my eyes deceive me, or I behold a daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland, for ſo her features beſpeak her, and her mien declares her noble."——

In few words I made him comprehend Lady Douglas's malice, and the full terrors of our ſituation. The board was then ſpread with

with ſuch proviſions as his cell afforded, he then produced a flaſk of wine, "this, ſaid he, I taſte not, but it will revive your drooping ſpirits,—God's mercy! this preſent from the hoſpitable houſe of Raby, may now preſerve one of its children."

"Ah! yes, exclaimed Thomalin, my father, this is the ſecond time you have ſuccoured the children of the Earl; twice have you reſcued me; recollect you not, holy Ambroſe, the page who was with Lord Thomas Neville; when ſeparated from all his companions, and loſt in the wood, as we were with the Earl chaſing the deer; here ſhould we have periſhed for hunger, had not your charity relieved us."

"I thought, ſaid the hermit, I recollected that face, but it is now ſix ſummers ago, you are grown much ſince then, beſides this change of dreſs alters you; ſtill your face wears the ſame expreſſion, which recalled ſo many ſad ideas to my mind; but I will not

obtrude any ſelf-fraught converſation,—a little quiet will be neceſſary for Lady Cicely,—how dreadfully did ſhe ſpend laſt night; my poor bed will be goſſamer down, compared to the rough couch of miſery, encompaſſed with the thorns of danger, for here her ſleep is ſafe; you Thomalin may ſtretch your weary limbs, by thoſe embers while I watch and pray."

In early youth, what an elaſticity of ſpirits do we poſſeſs, for I awoke, refreſhed by a comfortable ſleep, and made as hearty a breakfaſt, on the ſimple fare of the hermit, as in the ſplendid halls of Raby.

It was reſolved, we ſhould ſpend that day in the hermitage, as we ſuppoſed the ſcots would not quit the foreſt, whilſt any hopes remained of finding us.—The mind of the good Ambroſe ſeemed to have been poliſhed, by a long reſidence in the world; and my curioſity was raiſed, to know why he had choſen the life of a recluſe.—" Father, ſaid I, this frightful

frightful ſolitude, agrees but little with your courtly manners."—"You wonder no doubt, my child, ſmiling thro' a tear as the ſun gliſters thro' a ſpring-cloud, you wonder no doubt at my choice, yet perhaps long ere you reach my age, yet heaven forefend it, you may ſigh to exchange the ſplendor of your ſtation, for this peaceful ſolitude, and then Cicely, you will think of father Ambroſe with envy."—Ah! how true did he prophecy, how gladly would my ears have ſhut out, the cries of buſtle, the groans of the contending followers of the red and white roſe, to have liſtened peacefully to the daſhing of the Tees, over the mighty rock that oppoſed its courſe; and, ſickened with the intrigues, crimes and debaucheries of a court, willingly have reſigned wealth, titles and diſtinction, for the calm comforts of the lonely cell.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

"Can I, ſaid the hermit, refuſe to gratify you? ſoon will you ceaſe to wonder, that

I thus ſeclude myſelf from a world, ſo attractive to the young, to the happy:—long has it loſt all charms for me,—my ſtory will be new to you, the Earl your father knows it well, each circumſtance and turn of a once gay and buſtling life; a life now drawing to its cloſe,—tho' now forgotten by all, who once knew me; when young in arms, I accompanied your valiant grand-father, John of Gaunt into Caſtile, we fought together thro' all his battles; I was the partner too of his gayer hours,—companion when he eſpouſed the fair Conſtantia, daughter of Pater, king of Caſtile;—amongſt the lovely Caſtilians who compoſed her court, was Donna Thereſa ſole heireſs to the vaſt poſſeſſion of her father, the Count d'Aranjeus; long I endeavoured to ſmother a paſſion too ardent for concealment, and ſought to ſtill the beating of my heart, amidſt the din of war; our boſoms felt a mutual flame:—in vain the haughty Count forbade our loves; in vain he fixt her in a monaſtery; what

place

place is inacceſſible to love? I bore her off in diſguiſe, and under feigned names we traverſed Portugal, there we were married, and ſhe accompanied me to England;—but ſhe bore with her a curſe, a parent's curſe, which ſunk deep in her gentle ſpirit, and juſt exiſting to give a daughter birth expired, leaving me in a ſtate beyond diſtraction, for it was feeling agony; her dear remains were interred with my anceſtors, the Fitzhugh's at Romaldkirk: torn from her tomb by force, I refuſed all ſuſtenance, and reſolved in death again to greet her kindred ſpirit;—your father, (then Lord Neville,) heard of my ſituation, and flew to me with all the ardour of friendſhip, he put my infant Thereſa into my arms, and bade me live for *her*; her lifted eye ſeemed to implore my protection, her features were thoſe of her lamented mother, and overcome by the ſight of this helpleſs pledge of my loſt Thereſa's affection, I ſubmitted to the guidance of Lord Neville, who inſiſted upon my accompanying him to Brancepeth,

with us went my child and her nurſe; Lady Neville engaged to be a mother to my orphan; nor whilſt ſhe lived, did ſhe ever loſe ſight of a promiſe, not more ſolemnly made than piouſly kept."

"I lived but for this darling, who as ſhe grew up, promiſed to repay me all my care: ſcarce did I ſuffer her out of my ſight, unleſs when ſhe was in the charge of Lady Neville, and had ſhe lived,—I ſhould not now mourn, as I mourn, my daughter would have imparted to her, whom ſhe looked on as a mother, what ſhe ſo fatally concealed from me:—Tall and elegantly formed, my Thereſa had the large dark eyes of her mother, never did I view ſuch unleſs,——oh Thomalin yours as they turn on me, inſpire ſenſations of affection violent but unaccountable, your age too."—The hermit ſighed, and raiſing his eyes to heaven ejaculated a prayer.—I wondered not at the father, for altho' I kept my looks for ever bent upon the page, yet found whenever he timidly raiſed thoſe large dark

dark eyes to mine, I alſo felt a ſenſation I could not account for; he had changed his dreſs, for a hunting ſuit, which had been left at the hermitage, when my brother Thomas was loſt in the foreſt; a profuſion of dark hair, fell in ringlets down his green veſt, as he lifted his hat whoſe ſnowy plumes could not rival the whiteneſs of his forehead;—after a ſhort pauſe, throwing himſelf at the hermit's feet, he exclaimed, "Ah! my father, let me ſhare your ſcanty fare, I will be unto you a ſon, I will ſupport your feeble ſtep, you ſhall be to me a father; alas I know not my own: when Lady Cicely is reſtored to the hoſpitable walls of my benefactor, I feel I muſt enter their no more; then ſhall you hide me from the world, from her and from myſelf."

I felt a bluſh crimſon my face, whilſt the hermit bid the youth ariſe, which he did with his eyes fixed on the ground.—I would have ſpoke, I would have declared my gratitude, I would have ſaid, "the Earl can-

not forget you ſaved his daughter,—nor is privacy and indigence, a reward for fortitude and valour."

But I felt incapable of articulation, till I burſt into tears, " ah, no! no! you muſt not, ſhall not leave me;" was all my overcharged heart could utter.—At this moment the woods, the rocks, the dales echoed with the voices of our purſuers;—trembling I threw my arms around father Ambroſe, " fear not he cried, we mock diſcovery here."

They drew nearer, I clung to the hermit, now they were cloſe to the cell, I ſhrunk with agony,—they paſſed it, and their voices died on the breeze.—It was ſome time ere we were ſufficiently tranquillized, for the hermit to reſume his ſtory; " I was, ſaid he, deſcribing my daughter, a theme I could dwell upon for ever, but you have ſeen her, for as Thomalin looked in the dreſs of Lady Jane, juſt ſo looked my Thereſa, except the fire, the animation of

of his countenance, which in hers was an expreſſion of dignified reſerve, and an air of melancholy, the firſt of which ſhe inherited, it diſtinguiſhes the Caſtilian nobility, and the latter was contracted by the loſs of her beloved, her more than parental inſtructor."

"She poſſeſſed every accompliſhment, which can embelliſh beauty: I had employed many an happy hour, in teaching her thoſe ſciences, which females are ſeldom alowed to imbibe, thro' falſe ideas and impulſive habit;—ſhe proved the ſex capable of towering,—you'll think me partial, too partial;—I indeed adored her, ſhe was adored by all who knew her; various and frequent were the ſolicitations I had to refuſe for her hand, for I had promiſed ſhe ſhould marry, the youngeſt ſon of my brother Lord Henry Fitzhugh, that the eſtates might remain ſtill in the family,—my nephew had been abſent in Bretagne five years, whither he went to viſit a relation, who intended he ſhould be his heir: ſhe was a child when

they parted, but continually told of her couſin's excellence, ſhe early learnt to look up to him, as her future huſband; he was ſhortly expected to return, and diſpenſation having been procured from the pope, they were to be united immediately on his arrival.—I was walking one day with Thereſa, when a gentleman accoſting me in broken Engliſh, inquired if he was not near the ſeat of Sir William Fitzhugh: I told him I was the owner of the caſtle, which he ſaw on the hill, and that I was Sir William; alighting he gave his horſe to his page, then ſaid he, this lovely maid is your daughter; ah! would to God, exclaimed he in ſpaniſh, the Count d'Aranjeus had lived to ſee this opening bloſſom, ſuch looked her mother when laſt I ſaw her. Thereſa trembled and turned pale, I had a peculiar pleaſure in inſtructing her in the Caſtilian language, which ſhe perfectly underſtood, "What, ſaid I, of the Court d'Aranjeus."—Mine ſaid he, is a long detail, and my fatigue demands refreſhment; ſo we retired to the caſtle.

His

His ſtrength and ſpirits recruited, he informed me, that about twelve months ago, an Engliſh pilgrim arrived at Toledo, who being introduced to the court, had informed him of the death of his daughter, and that ſhe had left a child, ſolely employed, in whoſe education her father lived in retirement, mourning the death of a wife, his affection never could forget: the Count, continued the noble ſpaniard, moved at the recital, ſent for me, opening his intentions of beſtowing his vaſt poſſeſſions on his grandchild, and leaving me, her guardian: he was not content with this, but determined to ſee the image of his ſtill loved daughter, and begged I would accompany him to England; he felt a kind of pride in ſurpriſing you, by his appearance and forgiveneſs; in vain I diſſuaded; we ſet out on our journey, but ere we got on ſhipboard, overcome by travelling and the heat of the weather, he was ſeized with a dangerous illneſs, which terminated his exiſtence in a few days: with his laſt breath he conjured me to proceed

hither, to bring his bleſſing,—to entreat you would immediately go over into Spain, do homage to the king of Caſtile, and in truſt for your daughter become inveſted with his eſtates."

"Wretch that I am, was it decreed I cried, that both father and child, ſhould fall a ſacrifice to my ungoverned love!"—Ever violent in my paſſions, I reſigned myſelf to my emotions, and it was long ere I could command my ideas, or think of the neceſſary preparations for my voyage. Thereſa begged ſhe might accompany us, but fearful her health might ſuffer from ſuch dangers, and fatigues, I would not allow her: impatiently I wiſhed for my nephew's return, I wiſhed to have my daughter married, ere I left England, it was the ſafeſt and beſt protection; but delayed by contrary winds, he remained on the ſhores of France. The ſhip was nearly ready to ſail, in which I was to embark; it was neceſſary to go; I bade my child, my beloved Thereſa adieu! and ſolemnly

lemnly committing her to the charge of my brother, ſet out, accompanied by Don Juan. We had a proſperous voyage, and landed ſafely at Seville."——

"I went immediately to court, and found Don Henry on the throne of Caſtile, who had eſpouſed, during his minority, Catherine the lovely daughter of the Duke of Lancaſter, by Conſtantia of Caſtile; my Thereſa had been the boſom friend of the Dutcheſs her mother, oft had ſhe attempted to reconcile the old Count, to the choice his daughter had made, but all in vain; chance effecting what ſhe failed to accompliſh, preposſed by her mother in my favour, Catherine preſented me to the Caſtilian monarch; I was graciouſly welcomed, and after doing homage in my Thereſa's name, received inveſtiture of all the eſtates of the Count d'Aranjeus. The king told me had I brought my daughter ſhe ſhould, had ſhe married a Caſtilian, have had alſo the titles of the family; I ventured to inform Don Henry my child

child was already contracted, or I ſhould have endeavoured to avail myſelf of his generoſity: he then condeſcended to hint, that if they ſettled in Caſtile, the children of Thereſa, born in his dominions, ſhould inherit, altho' both parents were Engliſh."—

"A favourite with theſe ſovereigns, the courtiers began to envy my influence; a thouſand malicious tales were circulated to injure me with the king, yet ineffectually, further than I found Thereſa muſt herſelf come to Spain, or finally reſign the vaſt poſſeſſions ſhe was heir to."

"But once had I received any intelligence from home ſince I left it, and then Thereſa had preſſed my early return; ſhe informed me of the death of my brother Lord Henry, and that her couſin rather inſulted than protected her.—How impatiently did I find one month roll on after another, yet ſtill my affairs detained me; various were the pretences Don Henry found, at length he offered

ed me the higheſt poſt his government afford-ed, would I make his court my reſidence; I might ſend for Thereſa, the huſband I had deſtined for her, might be her guard."

"Almoſt two years thus ſlid away, during which I had cauſed a ſtately monument to be erected to the memory of my lamented wife, and noble parents: and added largely to their charitable benefactions.—At length was I ſuffered to depart:—with many heartfelt expreſſions of gratitude, I took leave of the king and queen.—My generous friend Don Juan accompanied me till I embarked;—when I tore myſelf from his arms unable to pronounce the parting farewell."

"After a long voyage, we entered the mouth of the Tees;—without ſtaying to re-freſh myſelf, or make the ſlighteſt inquiries, I rode ſtrait to Cutherſtone; ſtriking on the helmet I demanded entrance, a porter ſtood at the gate whoſe face I knew not.—Where ſaid I haſtily, is your miſtreſs?"—"I un-derſtand

derſtand not, he returned, who you mean, but if it is the Lord of Cutherſtone you want, he is gone this morning from home." "Who, I exclaimed indignantly, do you call the Lord of Cutherſtone?"

"Know you not, replied the ſurly hind, he that owns thoſe lands is Lord Ralph Fitzhugh."—"Shew me then to the Lady Thereſa, my———" at this inſtant,—an ancient domeſtic eſpying me, threw himſelf at my feet, and embracing my knees, burſt into tears."

"Robert, I cried, what means this, why do you weep,—your anſwer,—ſpeak,—where is my child!"—

"Alas! my Lord I know not, but fly this place,—ſo ſaying he led my horſe from the gate, the reins dropped from my hand, I ſat without motion, ſcarce knowing where I was, till he aſſiſted me to diſmount at a ſmall houſe in the wood, juſt where the winding

Balder

Balder falls into the Tees; "prepare, he ſaid, prepare yourſelf my honoured maſter, for what I muſt unfold; after the death of Lord Henry, his ſon, haughty and impetuous, demanded rather than ſued for your daughter's hand, her gentle nature recoiled;—he mingled threats with entreaties,—this is not the way to win youthful hearts, my Lord,—pardon me,—on her continued refuſal, he claimed the caſtle and the lands as his own right; and ſeizing them, ſhe fled."—

"Whither did ſhe fly; to Raby?"—"Ah! no, my Lord ſhe fled with,—ſhe fled to"—

"To whom, with whom, alas! my child, I exclaimed, ſhall the curſes of the Count d'Aranjeus indeed be fulfilled, ſhall they extend beyond the grave? Oh! ſpeak and kill me, why this heſitation, this cruel delay?" Robert threw himſelf at my feet; "indeed, indeed, my Lord I knew not of her marriage." I ſtarted, "married to whom,—not to her couſin?"

"To

" To no baſe born hind, and yet O! ſay my Lord, ſay but you forgive her."—" Torture me no longer, or I ſwear thoſe grey hairs ſhall not protect thee."—" Know then ſhe is the wife of Lord Henry Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick's eldeſt ſon.—I was ſtruck dumb with rage, with ſorrow, with a thouſand contending paſſion.

" At length reſolved to hear the whole, I allowed Mabel, the wife of Robert, to enter, ſhe alone I found could inform me of my child, whoſe nurſe ſhe was. After much circumlocution, I learnt that Thereſa, was upon a viſit at Raby, where ſhe met with Lord Henry; mutually enamoured of each other, they carefully concealed their paſſion from the Earl and his family, as Thereſa felt all the force of her engagements with her couſin, whom now ſhe had ſeen and deteſted; already did he ſeem to conſider her as his mere property, nor did he take any pains to gain her affections, treating the fair heireſs with a diſdainful neglect;—the winning and grace-

graceful manners, of Lord Henry probably rooted her averſion more deeply.

" The Beauchamps and I had been ſome time at varience, tho' formerly ſtrict friends, what hopes then of an union? beſides a match had been propoſed between your ſiſter Margery and Lord Henry, who tho' every way amiable, failed to intereſt his affections,—after the death of Lord Henry Fitzhugh, a flying report of my death immediately ſucceeded, an invention to diſtreſs my child, and throw her in the young Lord's power."

" Lord Beauchamp viſited Thereſa in diſguiſe, at the houſe of her nurſe; and eaſily perſuaded a heart more than half inclined, that the only way to avoid the perſecution of her couſin, would be to marry; the Earl, ſaid he, will ſoon forget his enmity to Sir William, what need you then fear, under the protection of valour and love?—ſhe was married in the preſence of Mabel to Lord Henry,

Henry, by an aged prieſt long reſident in the family of Fitzhugh.

" You will wonder no doubt, why Thereſa did not ſeek the protection of the Earl of Weſtmorland, but the temper, (excuſe me Lady,) of the Counteſs, violent to exceſs, and jealous of the wealth, beauty and accompliſhments of her, (at that time) gueſt, made her readily believe the tales invented by my nephew; and the evident diſinclination Lord Henry diſcovered to the match with your ſiſter Margery, who tho' not the Counteſs's own-child, yet her pride was equally intereſted in her being ſplendidly ſettled; every delay, every objection was imputed to the encouragement given to his addreſſes by Thereſa; this induced the Counteſs to reproach her, for not fulfilling thoſe engagements ſhe was bound to perform, " your uncle, ſaid ſhe, whom your father left guardian to you is dead, who then ſo fit to protect you, as the huſband appointed by Sir William; expect not the Lord of Raby will receive, or protect

teſt a maiden who refuſes to obey her parents commands, who ſtirs up a noble youth to refuſe his daughter, and to ſpurn at an alliance ſo honourable to himſelf."

" Stung with indignation, with ſorrow to be ſo harſhly queſtioned, ſo haughtily commanded, where in her infant years ſhe knew a more than parent's care, Thereſa left Raby with a heavy heart, reſolving never to apply there for advice or protection; ſhe too well knew the influence, his Lady had over your father, who was at this time chiefly at court."

" Lord Beauchamp acquainted not the Earl of Warwick with his marriage, but acknowledged his love for the fair heireſs of Fitzhugh;—he was forbidden to ſee her, and threatened ſhould he perſiſt in his diſobedience, that an angry father would diſinherit him, and ſettle all his fortunes on his brother Richard; that he regarded not the boaſted beauty, accompliſhments, or vaſt poſſeſſions of Thereſa, he had inſuperable objections to her,—for he hated her father."

" Wait, my beloved Henry, ſaid his bride to Lord Beauchamp, my father yet may return, the Earl of Warwick yet may relent, let us not enrage him by declaring our marriage: conſcious I am your wife, I can now better ſupport the inſults of one family, and the ſlights of the other."—She was now likely to give an heir to her Lord, while the Earl his father, ſcarce truſting him out of ſight took him to court.

" Thereſa kept her room under pretence of ſickneſs, at once to avoid the perſecutions of her couſin, and to conceal her ſituation; then begging he would allow her to go upon a pilgrimage, praying my ſafe return to our Lady of Wolſingham, and aſſuring him if he granted this requeſt, and I was not heard of in a year's time, ſhe would reſign her lands to him, did ſhe ſtill refuſe to marry; a ſolemn contract was entered into for this purpoſe, meanwhile ſhe was not to oppoſe his acting as Lord of Cutherſtone;—at the head of the vaſſals, he now went to

repel an invaſion of the ſcots, whilſt the helpleſs victim of his power, retired to the houſe of her nurſe; where, ſaid Mabel, the lovlieſt boy I ever beheld firſt ſaw the light; with tears was the cradle of this infant watered, as the hours of attendance were numbered by ſighs; when Lord Ralph came back from the borders, Mabel urged her miſtreſs's return to the caſtle,—the infant was ſent with its nurſe, the daughter of Mabel, and guarded by her huſband, to a village in the neighbourhood of Knareſborough, where this noble child was to paſs as their own; ſcarce was the Lady Thereſa, continued the nurſe, returned to the caſtle, before a page arrived from Lord Beauchamp, ſaying he had eloped from his father; and begging ſhe would meet him at Richmond, from whence they would proceed to Spain; this plan being already determined upon, if forced to extremities.

"On Thereſa's departure, her couſin diſmiſſed all the old domeſtics except Robert, who as ſteward knew the value of the land, and

and many particulars no one elſe could inform the new owner of ———. In vain, cried Mabel, has all inquiry been,—ſhe has not ſince been heard of.—But this melancholy fact is certain, ſhe went not to Richmond,—nor met there her Lord."——

" Diſtracted at what I heard, I demanded if Lord Neville was now at Raby.—" Alas! cried the faithful creature, had he been there, long ere now would Robert have applied to him, in deſpite of his Lady, but Lord Neville is at court."——

" In vain were the attempts of Robert and his ſpouſe to detain me, I mounted my horſe almoſt involuntarily, taking the road to the caſtle; and ere I reached it I overtook the villain, I fondly hoped would have been the protector of my child.—Traitor to thy name, thou baſe aſſaſſin, reſtore me my daughter, my Thereſa, I exclaimed, in a frantic tone, in a determined manner."

" His knees ſhook under him, and his whole frame was agitated; turning to his attendants he cried, " ſeize that madman, my life is in danger."

" They advanced,—I drew with one hand my ſword, whilſt with the other I lifted my cap; " behold, I cried, your liege Lord; know you not baſe hinds, the father of the Lady Thereſa?"

" Struck by my manner, and filled with remorſe, they fell at my feet, imploring my forgiveneſs.—Enraged at this ſight, he aimed his weapon at my head,—I warded the danger, and fell'd him to the ground; in a daughter's cauſe valour was fury,—he was conveyed to the caſtle apparently dead.—The ſurgeon examined his wounds, and declared them mortal, the blood 'tis true was ſtaunched, but upon his attempting to ſpeak it flowed afreſh."—

" Reduced to a ſtate of weakneſs, which

ſcarce could be termed exiſtence, as the ſlighteſt motion renewed his faintings; Robert was diſpatched to Richmond, and returned without tracing any account of Lord Beauchamp or Thereſa; my arrival being known my vaſſals flocked round, avowing their ignorance of my nephew's treachery, and eagerly renewing their allegiance.—Some hopes now appeared that the wounded wretch, might be able to inform me where my child was, I had ſtaid at Cutherſtone watching every change, in faint expectation ſome favourable moment of ſtrength might be ſeized, thoroughly convinced he could inform me where Thereſa might be found; —with horror I entered his apartment, his agitations on ſeeing me, the ſurgeon feared would again force open the wound, and I retired, but finding him in a few days a little more compoſed, I again entered.—" I aſk not, I hope not pardon, uttered he, it is out of my power to atone for my crimes, but I muſt be brief, in Brittany I became acquainted with the

the lovely daughter of a noble Lord, enamoured of whom I delayed my return to England; I was conſcious of my early engagements to my couſin; you wrote ſtating the neceſſity of your journey to Spain, and haſtening my long delayed voyage, on your ſetting out, to take poſſeſſion of the vaſt eſtates of the Count d'Aranjeus; gay, volatile and voluptuous, long ere this had Beatrice, ſeduced by the love I profeſſed, yielded to my wiſhes, I could not reſolve to ſee you, but no ſooner had you ſet ſail, than accompanied by Beatrice I embarked for England."

"The beauty, the accompliſhments of Thereſa, I regarded not, but her rich inheritance was beheld with eyes of deſire, equally by Beatrice and myſelf: whilſt Lord Henry lived, I was obliged to conceal thoſe wiſhes, but no ſooner was he dead, than every engine was employed to accompliſh our miſled deſigns; all intercourſe was ſuppreſſed between you; my brother, now Lord Henry

of Ravenſworth, was abſent in Ireland:—to the Lady Joan of Raby, did I impart my feigned wiſhes of marrying the lovely heireſs of Fitzhugh, whom I accuſed of levity in her conduct;—that ſhe meditated ſeducing the affections of her eldeſt ſon, tho' but a boy, that ſhe might be ſecure of a noble alliance, in caſe the Earl of Warwick ſhould prevent her deſigns on his ſon;—that it was evident her pride diſdained me, whom her father had commanded her to eſpouſe; theſe repreſentations had the deſired effect, Thereſa was eſtranged from the hoſpitable walls of Raby, whilſt I in fact was Lord of Cutherſtone, and Beatrice acted as its miſtreſs.—Urged by deſpair, ſhe married Lord Beauchamp, for this my active vigilance diſcovered."——

"Their marriage we kept ſecret from the Earl of Warwick, whilſt ſhe, anxious to conceal her ſituation, readily agreed to the terms I propoſed, when ſhe pretended to pay her devotions to our Lady of Wolſingham.—The child was ſuffered to depart, hoping

we could ſuppreſs, if neceſſary, all evidence of the marriage of its parents.—In full poſſeſſion of the caſtle, ſtill we feared Thereſa might either intereſt her friends at Raby in her behalf, or appealing to the vaſſals, our ill got poſſeſſions might be wreſted from us: dreſſing herſelf as a page of Lord Beauchamp, Beatrice tempted her to fly, and take refuge in a ſmall houſe built on the banks of the Eure,—there was ſhe confined; a plauſible ſtory was invented of her flight, but impatient at hearing no tidings from them, the day you reached here, I ſet out to ſeek this accurſed woman, (yet why ſhould I curſe her, am I not equally guilty!) but finding a ſtrange and unuſual trembling ſeize me, and being thrice thrown from my horſe; diſſuaded by my attendants from proceeding, I returned to meet the puniſhment I ſo juſtly merit."—" God, I ſaid, pardon thee."

" Alas, he returned, I dare not hope for mercy, if it is poſſible, ah! do not curſe the wretch who is ſhortly to face an higher judge;

one who has no weakneſſes to be touched, no paſſions to be ſeduced. A noiſe on the ſtaircaſe, now called our attention, the door opening, one of the moſt elegant forms ruſhed in I ever beheld; her hair diſhevelled, and hung looſe over her ſhoulders, her countenance ſeemed wild and almoſt frantic; in a foreign accent ſhe exclaimed, "where, oh! where is this deſtroyer of my peace!"—and ſhe threw herſelf upon the bed. "Know, Lord Ralph, you ſhall not eſcape; they would not allow me to enter,—they told me you were dying, ſo ſhall I too,—but this one embrace,—then farewell, oh! farewell, for ever." He ſeemed to ſhrink with horror.——

"Where, O! tell me where is my daughter, thou wretch," I exclaimed,—ſhe ſtarted up, "and whom, ſhe cried, art thou,—who is thy daugther? ſhe is not, cannot be ſuch a miſerable being as I am. Has ſhe left a noble parent's houſe, to follow a ſtranger as I have done? Haſt thou curſt her,—as they did me?—Wilt thou die as they

they did,—will it be told her, ſhe was thy murderer?—Was ſhe tortured with jealouſy as I have been,—did ſhe take all ſhapes, to pleaſe a lover as I have done?—has her fair fame been blaſted?—Does ſhe ſee her lover dying before her face, and for her crimes as I do now?—and yet I live;—ah no, no, what is your daughter then compared to me?"—and ſhe again caſt herſelf down.

"Tell me, I ſolemnly cried, as you hope for mercy, what you have done with the Lady Thereſa."

"I hope not mercy, why torture me to diſtraction? why aſk me, of Lady Thereſa, ſhe is with her huſband, three miles from Rippon,—if you wiſh to ſee her, haſte, for ſhe too is dying.—Oh ſhield me Fitzhugh; ſaw you not that pale form?"

Her face ſuddenly appeared convulſed, her eyes glared, we attempted to raiſe her, but ſhe cried, "here will I die, ſavages

will you ſeparate us? alas! what guilt have I committed, all, all,—but to purchaſe this poor privilege to die with my Fitzhugh.—Nay curſe me not, my father,—look not ſo ſternly, once you loved your Beatrice, that curſe lies heavy on her."---Her ſenſes wandering, again ſhe leapt from the bed, and fell at my feet. Although conſcious of her guilt, of all the miſery ſhe had been the fatal cauſe of, I wept as I raiſed her, and was aſſiſting in taking her out of the apartment."

" Ah! not ſo, ſhe cried, a little, little longer I ſhall be but a heap of duſt, the poiſon works; Fitzhugh ſee you not, they drag me to a convent;—help! O! help, the time was, you would not have ſuffered this, you hate me now, yes take your fair, your rich Thereſa;—huſh, ſpeak not ſo my Lord, I tell you ſhe deteſts you; Lord Beauchamp too,—blame not me, if the child died, 'tis natural to die I ſhall die ſoon." She then ſunk into ſtrong convulſions; was removed and ſoon after I was told, had expired before ſhe

ſhe could receive the laſt rites of the holy church, tho' her confeſſor attended,—with him I left orders for her private interment, and ſet out attended by the page of the miſerable Beatrice as a guide, in ſearch of my daughter; leaving Fitzhugh ſcarce a remove from death thro' the recent agitation."

"The Breton informed me, he had accompanied his miſtreſs and Lady Thereſa, who weak before from indiſpoſition, was hardly able to ſit on horſeback,—but eager to reach the place where ſhe was to meet, as ſhe imagined, her Lord, when Beatrice pretended they were to go bye roads, for fear of purſuit, and ſhe bore up cheerfully."

"At length ſhe diſcovered the deceit, yet in vain were her entreaties, Beatrice conveyed her to the cottage, ſhe had provided for her reception:—here did the Lady Thereſa, continued the page, give herſelf up to deſpair, and evidently was faſt ſinking under her afflictions."

" Walking along the banks of the river, with her charge, the ſecond evening, they perceived ſomething floating on the ſurface of the water; as it drew nearer, they ſaw it was the body of a woman; urged by compaſſion Beatrice ordered it to be dragged to ſhore, and no ſooner did Thereſa behold it, than ſhe exclaimed, ah! my child, and fainted.—The body was known by all preſent, to be the daughter of Robert the ſteward."

" Attracted by the noiſe, a monk who belonged to the neighbouring abbey of Fountaine, accompanied by a young knight, appeared on the oppoſite ſhore; inquiring what had occaſioned the alarm they heard, and were informed of the circumſtance."

" Let then, ſaid the monk, your pious cares, give interment to the drowned wretch."—Whilſt we were conveying the Lady Thereſa to the cottage; having croſſed the river by a bridge a little below, we met the

the monk and his companion, who was now known to be Lord Beauchamp; then imagine, for I cannot deſcribe, continued the Breton, the different emotions of love, joy, ſurpriſe and horror, pictured on the countenance of Lady Thereſa and her Lord, upon this ſudden encounter:—ſhe burſting from us, fell ſenſeleſs into his arms;—we ſtaid not, ſaid the Breton to ſee the iſſue, but mounting horſes, which always ſtood capariſoned, made our eſcape to Cutherſtone, where we learnt your return, and the dangerous ſituation of Fitzhugh; almoſt frantic with grief and rage, the unhappy Beatrice ſwallowed poiſon, ſhe had prepared for Thereſa, ere ſhe entered her lovers apartment, declaring ſhe would die in his preſence."——

"Although, continued father Ambroſe, I naturally concluded as I found Thereſa had done, the infant ſon of Lord Beauchamp periſhed with his nurſe, yet the hopes of ſoon again embracing my daughter, made me ſcarce think of the misfortune. Should

the Earl of Warwick thought I, indeed diſinherit his ſon, yet can he not bequeath his title; and the ſpaniſh eſtates of my Thereſa, will compenſate for the loſs of theſe of Beauchamp, ſuch were my reflections till I reached the banks of the Eure."

" The cottage ſtood, but it ſtood empty, I ſuppoſed Lord Beauchamp, had with Thereſa retired to Fountaine; thither I haſtened; as I approached, the ſolemn ſound of death was echoed from the ſteeple, to each neighbouring hill; each toll of the bell ſeemed to ſtrike upon the heart. The doors of the church were thrown open, and the ſervice for the dead was performing.—I entered, but ſtruck with horror remained at the foot of the aiſle; the gleam of the torches diffuſed a kind of melancholy light, that accorded with the ſolemn ſcene, and my reflections."

" The body was interred, the ſervice ceaſed, the ſilence only broke by the heart-rending ſighs of a perſon I ſaw not.—Now the

the laſt anthem was ſung, and the ſound filled the choir with a mournful harmony,—I ſcarce breathed.—Again all was ſilence,—advancing from where I heard theſe piercing groans, a youth clad in ſable, approached the high altar, kneeling before it, he ſolemnly vowed never more to taſte ſuſtenance, till he had brought to their juſt puniſhment, the murderers of his child,—the murderers of his wife,—invoking heaven's vindictive juſtice.—My fears were realized, I groaned and fell upon the pavement; my attendants made known who I was, and Lord Beauchamp aſſiſted by the pious fathers, conveyed me to a bed. Every poſſible care was taken of me, by my poor child's huſband, during a violent fever, which brought me "nigh to the grave." On the recovery of my ſtrength and my ſenſes, Lord Beauchamp, who never removed from my bedſide, informed me he had, impatient to ſee again his wife, eloped from his father, and viſited Fountaine, ere he went to Cutherſtone to conſult father Benedick, who had been the intimate

mate friend of the Earl of Warwick, and who ſtill preſerved an influence in his heart. The good monk had counſell d Lord Henry to ſtay in the convent, leſt by going to the caſtle of Thereſa, he might expoſe them both to danger, whilſt he by leave of his ſuperior, went to entreat the Earl to pardon his ſon, and protect from her kinſman's malice the fair heireſs of Cutherſtone."

"You have already, continued Lord Beauchamp, been informed of our meeting, but know not that the inſtant of our meeting, was the laſt of her life; throwing her arms with a convulſive graſp of rapture around me, ſhe ceaſed to reſpire."

"Why need I recall our woes, to your mind? the child, the dear pledge of my Thereſa's love, has been ſearched for in vain.—Dorothy floating down the ſtream, is ſufficient to aſſure us, his fate was the ſame. —My friend, father Benedick, is returned from Salwarpe, the Earl comes to Barnard-caſtle,

caſtle, where he will receive me; too late comes his conſent; yes, he ſaid, with joy would he acknowledge my wife and child, all contention ſhould be buried, he would aſſert her rights,—already is my father at the caſtle of Barnard."——

" By ſlow journeys we reached the caſtle of Earl Warwick, we embraced again as friends, and wept together over the ſtrange, the melancholy events ſo recently paſt.—The eſtates of the Earl were ſettled on the infant of Thereſa after his father, if by any uncommon chance he ſhould have been preſerved."

" I found on my return home, my unhappy nephew recovered ſo far, as to ride out; his brother coming from Ireland flew to him, as ſoon as he heard of his illneſs, and by his care and attention, had contributed principally to his recovery."

" Anxiouſly did the penitent inquire after the

the victim of his arts, when told of her death, he cried, " impute not this O! merciful God, to the wretched Beatrice, misled by her fatal attachment—I, and I alone was the cauſe."

" Fitzhugh now declared his reſolution to enter the neighbouring monaſtery of Athelſtone, adding to the building; endowing his new foundation with his whole poſſeſſions."

Touched with pity, I inquired of the hermit, what had become of this unhappy man.

" I was going, he rejoined, to inform you I gave my eſtate to Lord Henry Fitzhugh, with this proviſo, that if ever the child of Thereſa, ſhould be found he was to reſign it."

" My, or rather Thereſa's eſtates in Spain, were in the ſame manner veſted in the hands of Don Juan, who hearing of my misfortunes, made a voyage to England to viſit

viſit me; before he departed, in the church where reſted the bones of my child, I took the monaſtic vows."——

"Lord Beauchamp reſolving to end a life, he could no longer enjoy, went into Hungary, where in an engagement with the infidels he fell; his faithful 'ſquire bore his heart to England; I aſſiſted at the ſolemn ſervice performed, when it was depoſited, as he requeſted, by his lamented wife;—deſpairing of the hopes I had flattered myſelf with, of the infant Henry having eſcaped death, I obtained leave of my ſuperiors, and retired to this ſolitary foreſt, to end my days. About the time I quitted the abbey of Fountaine; my unfortunate nephew died, at the monaſtery of Athelſtone, worn out by penitence and ſeverity of mortifications."

Our attention was enchained by the ſad tale; new to diſtreſs, we had given it many a tear. And you are indeed, I cried, Sir William Fitzhugh, the uncle of Lord Henry

Henry I remember once, when a child ſeated upon my father's knee, weeping as I heard him talk to the Counteſs, of his unhappy, his loſt friend;—and once I recollect as he pointed to Lord Henry's caſtle from an eminence, ſay to my brother Richard, "Ah how ſadly looks the ſpot, which was once the reſidence of the deareſt friend of my heart; ah, ſaid he ſtriking his forehead, why, why, was I abſent; ah! why did your mother liſten to the falſe tales of Ralph Fitzhugh; at Raby too, where the fair Thereſa had known a parent's care, or parent's love, there to be treated unkindly, where ſhe ought alone to have ſought and found protection." "Alas, replied my brother, then was I too young to defend the lovely heireſs, I knew not her ſad ſtory."

Thomalin ſeemed loſt in thought, then raiſing his eyes he threw them upon the hermit, they were ſwimming in tears. "Ah! my father, he exclaimed, will you grant my prayer, on my knees again, I entreat you

to

to allow my ſtay with you; I have no ties, no friends but the family of Lord Weſtmorland, you have opened my eyes to my danger; I ſtood on the brink of a precipice, yet was not conſcious of my ſituation. Oh I ſee all the miſery that muſt be cauſed by my——." Here he ſtopped, a bluſh glowed over his fine features; "I do not wiſh, reſumed he, after a pauſe to be ungateful, ah! you know not, the weight of my obligations to the houſe of Raby."

"Talk not of obligations, are they not, I ſaid, already diſcharged, have you not ſaved my life?"

"Ceaſe this conteſt my children, cried the good Ambroſe, the night advances, let us retire to reſt; ſhould we hear no more of your purſuers, I will accompany you through the foreſt to-morrow, every winding path, each brake and deep moraſs, I know the trace of."—Again did Thomalin urge the requeſt, he had before made to the hermit;

hermit; who replied, urge me no further, ſcarce entered into life, you are ignorant of what you would renounce; you owe to ſociety much; thoſe talents, thoſe graceful and active limbs, were not given to you in vain, it is not in this lone cell, you can fulfil the duties impoſed on each member of ſociety; yet if you will viſit ſometimes father Ambroſe, he will embrace you as a ſon, looking on you he will learn to forget the paſt, he will forget he is no longer Sir William Fitzhugh, and beholding you, ſee renewed both his Thereſas; tell me my ſon where firſt you breathed, and what are your obligations to the noble family of Neville, for there is ſomething in your air, which ſays you are rather born to confer than receive favours."——

"The firſt remembrance I have, replied the youth, was of living near the foot of a high mountain, on whoſe bleak ſides, I watched with my father a flock of ſheep: a band of ſcots burnt our cottage, and employed us in driving our ſheep towards the borders."

" Sir Robert Umfraville attacked the plunderers, I knew not what became of my father, killed I ſuppoſe in the fray, I became a ſecond time as it were a priſoner; my looks attracted Sir Robert's attention, he pitied my orphan ſtate, and receiving me in his family, I accompanied him to Raby, on his marriage with the Lady Ann Neville; nearly of his age; her brother Thomas profeſſed his fondneſs for me, Sir Robert complied with his wiſhes, I became the page of this noble youth, was his friend,—his confident; but illneſs, when laſt he attended the Counteſs to court, prevented my accompanying him.—Ah! would I had never beheld the loſty towers of Raby, would I had fallen with my father, far, far from the banks of the Tees, in that vale where the brave Sir Robert Umfraville had trained me to arms."—" Huſh, my ſon, ſaid the hermit ſighing, repine not at your fate, yet it may be an enviable one,—return to your benefactor, let him not accuſe you of ingratitude."—

" Long after I had retired to my couch, I heard father Ambroſe and Thomalin in earneſt converſation:" I acknowledge ſaid the latter my preſumption, yet believe me I knew not what name to give the ſoft emotion I felt, I was not conſcious I had dared to love the daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland, till you ſhewed me my danger."

" How ſhall I return to the hoſpitable walls of my benefactor, alas! what torture muſt I endure, to ſee for ever before me, the object of my idolatry, conſcious of her rank, conſcious I ſubſiſt upon the bounty, merciful heavens! yes, bred upon the charity of the houſe of Raby; never, no never will I declare my love, no, I will ſooner tear out the rebellious heart; that dared, O! my father, dared to love her.——"

" I ſighed, ah! thought I, which of my ſiſters can it be? Jane no doubt,—yet Jane, had ſhe never known Sir Alexander, would not have loved this amiable youth as he deſerves.

—I

—I had ſtretched myſelf out of my bed, ſo that I heard now diſtinctly every word.—"What excuſe would you alledge to the Earl, were you not to return? give not thus my child ſcope to paſſion, which will conſume you, but try to combat it, recollect the pride of Joan of Weſtmorland, is a ſufficient bar, think how dreadful a parent's curſe.—" The page, as if he had not attended to the good father, exclaimed:

"Ah! yes, the Lady Cicely ſaid, I muſt not, ſhould not leave her, that gentle heart does not deſpiſe the companion of her childiſh days; yes ſhe ſeemed to forget, as ſhe ſpoke, as her ſoft voice dwelt on my ear, that ſhe was the daughter of Weſtmorland, or that I was her brother's page, the ſon of an herdſman,—ſhame on my folly and preſumption."—

"I ſcarce breathed, yet felt a new kind of ſenſation of pleaſure, is it then indeed Cicely, who is ſo dear to this charming youth,

youth, why! how could I be ſo blind;—and is this love I too feel;—O! if it is, let me alſo dwell with father Ambroſe; I am infinitely happier, than the ſplendid halls of my noble anceſtors can ever render me with its gaudieſt inhabitant."

"Flatter not yourſelf with vain hopes, my ſon, ſaid the hermit; what, would you wiſh this lovely, this noble Lady, an outcaſt from her family on your account? could you bear it? would to God, you were indeed my ſon, then might you avow a flame, which would not be ſpurned; I feel for you the affection of a father, and was not your birth ſo mean, I ſtill have it in my power to enrich you; for beneath this floor is buried a ſplendid fortune, all the receipts of my loſt Thereſa's eſtates; this freely would I give, was it to make you happy; but well I know it would not avail, nor procure the conſent of the Earl and Counteſs of Weſtmorland."

"I will not ſtruggle with my fate, exclaimed

claimed the youth, I conjure you, Oh! my father to let me return to you, or here (and he knelt at the foot of the holy crucifix,) I ſolemnly ſwear, ſince life can only end my love for the beauteous, the noble maid, as I want fortitude to bear, I will reſign, yes I will violently end a wretched being, that might in ſpite of my reſolution affect the object of my love; no, I will never enter again the halls of Raby. On the bank or the ſteep rock which overhangs the Tees, where Cicely flew from the ſwords of the ruffian ſcots, the life of her brother's page, ſhall wear away in pining ſolitude."—

" I could contain myſelf no longer, burſting out of the ſmall apartment, ah! why, I cried, talk you of dying, you love me not, —how could a life which you would have reſigned to ſerve me, ever offend? You, whom I have loved equally with my brothers, hear me alſo ſwear;" and I too knelt, he threw his arms round me.—The hermit

ſilently, and as it were inſtinctively joined our hands, a tear dropt on them.—

" A violent knocking was heard at the door, and a voice loudly uttered; " Delay not if you wiſh Lady Cicely to reach again her friends, open to me immediately."—

" The door opened, we beheld the Scotiſh leader, I ſtarted and hid my face on the ſhoulder of Thomalin,—" ſave, ſave me, I cried."—" I come, ſaid the ſcot, to ſave you Lady, you know I have endeavoured to alleviate your ſufferings, a vaſſal of Douglas, I knew not what I came to do; I privately watched your flight, I ſaw you enter the cell, and now have diſpoſed of the ſcots ſo, that you may eſcape; but haſte, in a ſhort time it will be impoſſible, as they propoſe again ſcouring the banks, nor will they quit the foreſt till they find you, certain you are ſtill here; the night wears faſt, and ſhould we not be clear of the wood ere morning, we muſt be taken.—"

The

The hermit inſiſted upon accompanying us, and mounted upon horſes, the ſcot had provided, we ſet out.

" The laſt ſtar had twinked in the weſt, ere we had gone half our journey, and diſtant was the edge of the wood from us, when a party of our purſuers appeared, " quickly bind my arms, cried our deliverer, ſo ſhall I make it appear I have not been the means of your eſcaping, and yet I may live to ſerve you."—The ruffians advanced, and their leader again renewed his command, complaining of our having ſeized the horſes, and over powering him had forced him with us.

In vain is it, my dear Matilda, to repeat the hardſhips we underwent, in ſpite of Gilbert's endeavours to ſerve us. In paſſing thro' Cumberland, we were near being overtaken by a party of Lord Dacre's vaſſals, the whole county was in commotion, and under arms, yet ſtill the vigilance of our enemies, (who were accuſtomed to ſuch ex-

peditions,) found means to elude all purſuit; afraid of Lord Dacre's men whoſe valour they had tried, they made a ſudden turn to the ſea, where finding two ſmall fiſhing boats, I, with a part of the ſcots, was put into one, whilſt Sir William, Thomalin and Gilbert went with the remainder in the other; notwithſtanding Gilbert propoſed me to embark with him, the ruffian crew inſiſted I was to be alone; ſcarce had we got from land, when the troop of Lord Dacre appeared on the ſhore, they ſhouted aloud to us, then rode at full gallop along the coaſt, in hopes I conjectured to find a veſſel, in which they might overtake us. The wind was fair and in a few hours the ſcots expected to land in their own country.—Vain were their hopes, it changed, and blew us off the coaſt, the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, and a violent ſtorm of wind ſucceeded, we quickly loſt ſight of the other boat, and giving myſelf up for ever, I lay down in the bottom, without a wiſh to ſurvive; —the waves broke over and drenched us in

in water:—I lay inſenſible of my danger, till rouſed by being lifted into a ſhip, where I was partly revived:—on being conveyed into the cabin, I found myſelf accoſted by a gentleman, with much politeneſs, who in a ſcottiſh accent begged I might conſider myſelf as ſafe, for that he would protect me. "The ſtorm, ſaid he, is abated, and every accommodation in my power, ſhall be made to render you comfortable, would I could ſerve you more effectually." I felt a confidence in him, for his manner recalled to my imagination, the ill-fated Sir Alexander Home.

Changing my wet garments, I laid me down, worn out by fatigue and ſea-ſickneſs. I ſlept, but my dreams preſented to me, the graceful form of my lover, his charming countenance and expreſſive features.—Now kneeling I thought I beheld him at the foot of the croſs, ſwearing to live only whilſt he loved me, as the venerable Ambroſe bent over us;—now in garments dripping wet, he lay pale extended on a bier.

Morning diſpelled thoſe airy phantoms, and the humane ſcotchman begged I would admit him: we now recognized each other, it was Sir Archibald Seton, who had with the gallant Home viſited us on the borders; equally ſurpriſed at the rencounter, we mutually inquired what ſtrange circumſtance had brought us together, he, I found was going to France with a ſmall number of troops; informed of my ſtory, he expreſſed his regret, that he could not land me in England, but hoped, when he reached France, to reſtore me to my friends.

Confiding in his offers, I thought myſelf ſafe, but could not feel happy;—the loſs of my lover, and a preſentiment of the fate that purſued me, darkened all my proſpects; upon our landing in Normandy, I accompanied the generous Seton to the caſtle of a nobleman, the Lord St. Aubin.

My ſtory was here made known, and conſcious of the importance of having the daughter

daughter of the powerful houſe of Neville, and ſo near a relation to the King of England, on the eve of war, they reſolved to detain me.—My noble friend was obliged to leave me, with tears in his eyes he bade me adieu, aſſuring me of his taking ſuch ſteps, as he doubted not would releaſe me; having ſent a meſſenger to the Earl my father.

I felt on his leaving the apartment, as if deprived of all ſupport; anxiouſly I ſpent weeks without any tidings from the generous Scot; and learnt at laſt, that irritated by being refuſed what he had aſked for me of the Duke of Orleans, he had ſet ſail for England, but it was feared had periſhed at ſea.

Thus vaniſhed all hopes of liberty, ah! would I oft exclaim in my native tongue, that I had periſhed, (for too ſure they did periſh,) with the venerable Sir William, and the youth I ſo loved;—Gilbert too, the penitent Gilbert, I envy your fate, who died

beſide them. My ſpirits now ſunk to a ſtate of extreme dejection, and now a faint gleam of hope would cheer me; the boat which held my lover might be ſafe,—it might reach the Iriſh coaſt, I might again behold them.—Thus day after day, and week after week paſſed away, my ſoul rent by various kinds of anguiſh; new to diſtreſs, I had not then learnt to bear the ſad, ſad taſk, ſince ſo ſeverely inflicted on me. The ſanguine hopes of early youth, ſpite of what I felt, gave at times a fairer colouring to the dreary proſpects around me: and I would fancy ſome chance, equally as providential, might have ſaved my lover, he might alſo be in France, he might be near,—perhaps in the ſame priſon;—and a ſingle wall might part us as effectually, as a thouſand miles.

It was now the beginning of Auguſt, and the Engliſh had landed in Normandy, with the king at their head.—Ah! thought I, Henry is not unattended by the Nevilles, tho' the Earl is left to guard the ſcottiſh borders.—

At

At this time, my Lord St. Aubin was gone to join the troops, his Lady and myſelf were but ſlightly guarded, moſt of the vaſſals following their Lord.

By Lady St. Aubin I was treated with much politeneſs, and ſhould have felt all the eſteem her character could merit, had I been differently ſituated; but I conſidered her as my goaler, and trembled as ſhe approached me.

Coming one morning into my apartment by day-break; "Riſe, ſaid ſhe, my dear child, let me bid you adieu, a detachment of the Engliſh approaches to ſeize this caſtle, we cannot oppoſe them; ſoon Lady will you ſee again your friends, ſoon I truſt will you be reſtored to your country; remember not I entreat with reſentment, her, who was obliged in duty to detain you; yet forgetting the miſeries your countrymen are every where bringing upon France, loves you with the affection of a ſiſter."

Then I felt all the force of my ingratitude for her kindneſs,—fully felt all the obligations I was under, to this amiable woman, whoſe pity made me only feel in idea, that I was a priſoner; I burſt into tears, we embraced.—" The Lady Cicely, I cried, can never forget what ſhe owes you, ſhe will bear with her to England, the remembrance of your compaſſion to an enemy and a captive, this deſolating war I hope will ſoon ceaſe, we may again meet as friends, as dearer friends."

We ſtood on the battlements, as the Engliſh advanced, the Earl of Weſtmorland was at their head, with him were my brothers Richard and Ralph. Overcome by this ſight, I forgot my danger, forgot every thing, but that by ruſhing forward I ſhould be with my friends.

" Behold, I exclaimed, my father the loſt Cicely,—" and attempted to fling myſelf over the parapet, but ere I fell, was caught by thoſe who ſtood near me.

"Why, ſaid Lady St. Aubin, this madneſs? a ſhort delay would have reſtored you to your father, compoſe yourſelf,—I inſiſt upon your returning to your apartment."

My refuſal was peremptory, ſupporting myſelf againſt the parapet, I ſtood viewing the Engliſh as they marched to the drawbridge, which was let down for their entrance;—by a way we had not perceived their advance, a party of French on horſeback came up at full gallop, greatly ſuperior in numbers to the Engliſh, whom they nearly encompaſſed, ere they were aware of their danger; led by the Earl they ſlowly retreated, their courſe marked by the dead and wounded.—What were my ſenſations, at this ſudden reverſe of fortune,—a few minutes longer I ſhould have been claſped to the breaſt of my parent, thoſe fond hopes were cruſhed almoſt ere they were born, and I beheld my loved father and my brothers, ſo nearly on the point of delivering me from

captivity, now overpowered by numbers, and apparently reſolved to die rather than yield.——

" Ah! would to God, I exclaimed, I had thrown myſelf down, I ſhould have died in my father's arms, he would have cloſed the eyes of his poor daughter; I ſhould have received his bleſſing, alas I may live, till he hurls a curſe upon me."

My aching eyes diſtinguiſhed no more the banners of my countrymen, nor were the French troops longer ſeen.

In an agony of deſpair, I turned to Lady St. Aubin, " Reſtore me, I haſtily cried, I conjure you, to my father: why thus cruelly detain me, why am I, a defenceleſs unarmed woman, to be the ſacrifice of war?"

" O perhaps, even whilſt I ſpeak, my father is dying under his wounds, permit me to attend him,—let me go, let me ſhare in his dan-

dangers;—the prayers, the conſtant, the ardent prayers of a loſt, care worn wretch, ſhall importune heaven and all its ſaints to guard you, yes to guard the Baron too, ev'n he who keeps me thus a captive."

Overcome by my agitation, I ſhould have ſunk, had not the amiable Baroneſs ſupported me; the little Iſabella too, claſping her hands in my garments, imprinted her roſy lips on my arm, then burſting into tears ſobbed out; "leave me not dear Lady, let her not, mamma, leave us, tho' you are Engliſh, and when you firſt came to the caſtle, I underſtood you not, even then did I love you;—O ſtay, I will ſoon pick you the ripe grapes, then will you ſay I am kind, then will you kiſs again, and ſay you love your Iſabella."—

"Huſh, my child, ſaid her mother, be calm my ſweet charge, I will write to the Duke of Orleans, I will entreat for your liberty, he will not refuſe;"—ſhe drew my arm

arm through hers, and, deſcending, inſiſted upon my going to bed, and that a ſurgeon ſhould attend me;—Lady St. Aubin ſat by me, watching every turn of my countenance; ſoothed by her kindneſs, I was reſtored to ſome degree of compoſure, and ere night ſhe left me to the care of my woman.

Awaking next morning, I found the Baroneſs again by my ſide; "I have, ſaid ſhe, news to communicate, will rejoice you Lady, tho' to me 'tis ſad indeed, the Earl of Weſtmorland gallantly retreating, has joined the army commanded by the King of England, whilſt the unfortunate St. Aubin, who led the troops to relieve the caſtle, too raſhly purſuing, is made a priſoner.—

Thanks gracious heavens! for this preſervation of my father, I ejaculated, and, my dear Lady, the Baron need not be long detained, the Earl will learn your generous treatment of me, it deſerves his gratitude, and a Engliſhman's gratitude is ſeldom long unpaid,

unpaid, I too, ſhall be reſtored to my friends."

" Ah! my child, replied the Baroneſs may thoſe hopes be realiſed: I muſt leave you; St. Aubin is wounded, I go to entreat the Engliſh will allow me to attend him: would I durſt offer you to accompany me, but the Baron ſwore to the Duke of Orleans, who is liege Lord of this caſtle, never to deliver the daughter of Weſtmorland, without his orders: the Duke is expected here today, I will entreat for your liberty."

" Oh! leave me not my beloved Lady, leave me not in the power of this gay prince, alas! at an age when ſtill I may be called a child, I have undergone ſeverity of trials: Ah! quit me not," and I threw my arms around her, and ſinking clung a ſuppliant at her knees.—" Lady Cicely, ſaid my guardian, in a more ſolemn tone, you are a ſacred depoſit, hold you the deſcendant of the gallant Charles the fifth devoid of honour;—

ere

ere the ſun ſets to-morrow on thoſe towers, we ſhall again embrace in the Engliſh camp, you will be reſtored to your father."—I ſighed.—

The Duke's arrival was announced, Lady St. Aubin left me to receive his highneſs. The tears would trickle down my cheeks; perhaps a few hours and I may be reſtored to my father, he will rejoice to ſee his long loſt child, ſoon ſhall I ſee again, the chalky cliffs of my dear native country; the wind ſits fair for England."

A ſadneſs overſpread me, remembering how I left the ſhores of Cumberland, remembering him who had ſhared in all my dangers, who would have died to ſave me; yes, who did die to ſave me.—O! it is no crime againſt duty, to ſay how I loved, how I ſtill love, yes thy Cicely, will, with her ſiſter, devote her life to a convent, and divide her thoughts and prayers betwixt thee and her God.—Lord Weſtmorland can you refuſe

refuſe me?—you will never know your child gave up her heart, to her brother's page, the ſon of a herdſman; yet, could that be poſſible, no, no, it could not be, that mien was noble, that air was grace itſelf:—born to tend a flock of ſheep? never would he have acquired each martial exerciſe; never would he have excelled in every winning accompliſhment;—yes he far outſtript even the ſons of the houſe of Raby: was it for the child of a poor peaſant to accompliſh this? no, no, Sir Robert Umfraville equally with Thomalin has been deceived;—ah what avails it now?—cold is his form,—the ſalt waves roll over him.—Ah! that I enjoyed the melancholy ſatisfaction, his venerable friend ſo feelingly enjoyed, when in the abbey of Fountaine, he ſaw the laſt pious offices performed for his loſt Thereſa; that is denied me, I ſhuddered at the recollection:—can a parent's curſe extend indeed from generation to generation?

"Ah! curſe me not my father, as the raſh Count d'Aranjeus curſed his daughter, yet

yet ſhe loved, and married a knight renowned in arms;—I loved and would have married——"

Lady St. Aubin entered, "you have been in tears my child, compoſe yourſelf; the Duke propoſes your being exchanged for St. Aubin, leaving in the power of the Earl, either to have you ſent to-day to the Engliſh army, or he will ſend a veſſel for England with you."—"Is it, I cried, poſſible?"—"The Duke, returned the Baroneſs, now writes to your father, whilſt a herald ſtands, behold (and ſhe pointed out of the window) at the gate, to convey it to the camp;—ſure now you believe, go with me my love, the Duke expects you to pay your reſpects to him."—"Yes, my Lady, I will attend you; and throwing myſelf at his highneſs's feet, thank him, deeply thank him."

Lady St. Aubin led me into the apartment; where, at the upper end, ſat the Duke writing; he did not obſerve us till I knelt, when

when ſtarting from his ſeat he raiſed me, ere I could articulate a ſingle word. "What fair viſion is this, he exclaimed in accents of ſurpriſe, is this Lady St. Aubin, the daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland? from this ſample, the Engliſh may conquer France by their women, not their ſcare crow ſoldiers, —ſure ſuch a form, ſuch a face was not bred in England:—and did you Lady kneel to me, who ought to kneel to you, as ſomething more than human?"

"I came my Lord, ſaid I haughtily, at Lady St. Aubin's deſire to thank you, for your intention of reſtoring me to my friends: —when inſult wounds captivity, the chains are doubly galling."—"Such, rejoined the Duke, was my intention, but then I knew not the rich prize, that glittered unſeen in my poſſeſſion; what, exchange you for a Baron? no I will not thus diſparage beauty, nor, turning to Lady St. Aubin, fear for your huſband, again ſhall he be reſtored to you, but this lovely damſel may prove

the

the ranſom of a prince, in whoſe veins flow royal blood; here ſhe is not ſafe, I will be her eſcort to a place of more ſecurity."—Trembling as he ſpake, I raiſed my head to take a ſurvey of him, his large blue eyes met mine with an expreſſion, which made me not dare to lift them up again.

In vain did the charming Baroneſs entreat for my remaining where I was, in vain did ſhe offer to accompany me. Terrified at this unexpected ſtroke, I ſtood motionleſs, till burſting into tears I wept in Lady St. Aubin's arms.—"Leave, ah leave me not my guardian; alas! what ſhall next befall the wretched Cicely, deprived of every comfort." Unmoved by my diſtreſs, and equally deaf to the entreaties of the Baroneſs, I was obliged to bid her adieu; at parting ſhe promiſed to throw herſelf at the feet of the Dauphin Lewis, begging my releaſe; ſomewhat reaſſured by this, I quitted Lady St. Aubin more compoſed, tho' hopeleſs ſtill.

After

After a journey of ſeveral days, we arrived at an antique caſtle on the banks of the Loire, originally a royal palace, the apartments were large and ſtately, but they had ſcarce been viſited by its royal owners, ſince the family of Valois had ſat upon the throne of France; it was falling to ruins, when bequeathed by Charles the fifth to his ſon Louis Duke of Orleans, father to him who now owned it,—nor had he even long reſided there, of courſe the furniture remained venerable, but decayed; never being altered, ſince it was the favourite palace of Philip the fair; the rooms were decorated with the portraits of all the kings of France, from Pepin to Lewis the tenth, together with many of the queens; nothing indeed could be conceived more gloomy, the towers hung with ivy, ſheltered every ominous bird, I was only lulled to ſleep with ſhrieking owls, and waked with the croaking of the raven; a large foreſt whoſe ſpreading boughs, had ſtood unmoleſted by the axe ſince the creation, ſurrounded the caſtle ſo cloſe, we

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ſcarce could diſcern the river, which ran within a few yards of it,—this was my habitation.

Here was I obliged to liſten to the proteſtation of the Duke's love, whilſt my heart ſtill was bleeding with the recollection, of the loſs of the amiable youth, to whom I had given all my affections;—yet entirely in the power of the prince, I durſt not irritate him by an abſolute refuſal.

" If, I would ſay, you wiſh to gain that heart you call obdurate and cruel, reſtore me to my family, reſt aſſured I ſhall hate you leſs, than while you perſiſt in my detention; give me my liberty, then ſhall my choice be free;—do you wiſh to owe my hand to compulſion? my heart you cannot obtain by force, it muſt make its own election; will it then love you, who at beſt are but my goaler; it is not, my Lord, in my nature to be ungrateful, it is poſſible without compulſion, I may viſit again the towers of Bidet;

Bidet; the Earl of Weſtmorland would not refuſe, when the Duke of Orleans condeſcended to entreat."

"Shall the grandſon of Charles the fifth hazard a refuſal from the haughty Weſtmorland?—never fair one,—never,—to you alone my proud ſpirits ſues nor ſhall you leave me, till your heart ſubdued, meets mine with equal ardour; no Cicely, the united force of France and England, ſhall not wreſt you from me."

My eyes ſpoke the anſwer, my lips diſdained to avow, as I ſurveyed a figure, truly elegant.—"Do I live, continued he, to be refuſed by a girl, an Engliſh child, I, for whom the faireſt women in Europe have ſighed? go little obſtinate, go;—you wiſh to ſhew your power, but dearly ſhall you repent that wiſh, ere you quit the towers of Bidet."—Although he thus threatened, he ever treated me with that politeneſs the French court are remaked for, and the moſt

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ſcrupulous delicacy could not have condemned him.

At this time the government of France, was lodged in the hands of this prince, of courſe you might ſuppoſe Matilda, I could not ſee him often; yet his ardent and active diſpoſition made him almoſt annihilate ſpace, and after travelling thro' the night an incredible number of miles, have I ſeen him at Bidet in the morning, altho' in the preceding day I had received letters from him, dated in ſome diſtant province.

How flattering to a young mind was this ardour of affection could I have ceaſed to regret the charming youth, whoſe image was indelibly impreſſed on my heart; the tender aſſiduities and reſpectful attentions, of this elegant and accompliſhed prince, muſt have gained the entire affections of a girl, ſo totally inexperienced in the world; but guarded by my early paſſion, tho' the object, I doubted not, had ceaſed to exiſt, every ſmile I beſtowed

I beſtowed on the Duke, appeared as treaſon to my widowed love: the Duke thoroughly underſtood each avenue to the female heart, every paſſion did he aſſail; now he tried to rouſe the ambitious ideas, ſo carefully inculcated by my mother, and talked of his deſcent by Valentina, and conſequent right to the future ſovereignty of Milan; of his preſent power; his vaſt poſſeſſions in France, whoſe army was ſubſervient to his will; was he once aſſured of my love, he would lead it as I pleaſed.

Thus wore away the months in Autumn, and the falling leaves that ruſtled on the almoſt trackleſs paths, proclaimed the approach of winter; when coming haſtily one day into my apartment, the Duke exclaimed; "you wiſh to render me wretched, cruel Cicely, young as you are you have learnt all the artifice of your ſex;—has that heart already felt, ere you ſaw at the caſtle of St. Aubin him you triumph over, the ſoft impreſſion of love? if ſo, pity what I feel:

or do you deſpiſe the ardent paſſion of the unhappy Orleans? 'tis but too true you hate, you deteſt me, but this day ſhall end the conflict, it ſhall fix my deſtiny,—hear, my final reſolution:—love and hatred are nearly allied; a prieſt attends to make you irrevocably mine; refuſe and the moſt dreary apartment in the caſtle of Bidet, ſhall be your cell; —— no more ſhall the haunts of your childhood, ſo oft regretted, meet your eyes; no more ſhall you behold your father, your kindred, your country:—to revenge my unrequited love; I will raiſe each vaſſal, ſtrain every nerve, and extirpate thoſe invading Engliſh from the earth; waſted by ſickneſs, they are now endeavouring to retreat from Harfleur to Calais, a numerous and well appointed army watch their motions, a few days and they will be our priſoners, or madly reſiſting be cut to atoms: conſent to my wiſhes, I will ſtep forward and reſcue your famiſhing countrymen, I will give them honourable terms, and ſafe eſcort to England; and were this refuſed me

me by my countrymen, for you, yes Cicely, poſſeſſed of you I would renounce my king, my country, every tie that binds ſociety, join my arms to your couſin Henry's, ſecure his ſafety and confirm his ſucceſs; do you ſtill refuſe?—reflect proud girl, ſpeak; am I to ſave theſe devoted Engliſh, am I to ſave from death, or a gloomy dungeon, the Earl of Weſtmorland? it is you who raiſe, who nerve this arm in their defence;—it is you who draw the ſword againſt your father."

"Your name may be joined in the prayers of the matron, for her huſband ſaved; the mother for her ſons; the maiden as ſhe again beholds her lover ſhall bleſs you; the infant will be taught to liſp out Cicely, her country's deliverer,—her father's ſafeguard—and conſecrated roofs ſhall echo back your name,—do you yet heſitate—? think—."

"Oh leave me,—leave me my Lord, let me recall my wandering ſenſes; allow me, only allow me till to-morrow; I know not

what I would ſay, yet to-morrow, gracious God! ſhall you know my laſt, my final reſolve.—"

"Trifle, he rejoined, no longer,—already am I waited for,—a meſſenger arrived from the camp an hour ago; I muſt be in Picardy within two days; my preſence is indiſpenſable; my enemies will not fail to take advantage of my abſence, ſoon may I fall from my power?"—

"Leave me not, good my Lord, in anger:" and I held out my hand to him, which he took and raiſed to his lips, with an emotion that nearly overcame me; and had he not retreated immediately, I ſhould perhaps have acquieſced in propoſals ſo flattering;—ſhade of my loſt love, look down on your widowed miſtreſs with meek forgiveneſs;—perplexed and agitated, I traverſed the apartment with unequal ſteps, then throwing myſelf on the ground, in idea ſaw my father, my brothers, my countrymen captives and in chains.—Ah! had

had I my beloved ſiſter Percy, the gentle Eleanor to conſole, to adviſe me,—yet, would ſhe ſay? "heſitate not Cicely to ſave my father: dear parent.—Jane the noble minded Jane, thou knoweſt not what I ſuffer,—ah! had I thy firm ſpirit, was my fortitude like thine,—thy preſence would awe even the haughty Orleans; thou wouldſt riſe ſuperior to him, alike inſenſible to threats and promiſes,—thy noble ſoul, would ſteer thro' thoſe quickſands, which finally muſt overwhelm thy wretched ſiſter;—I refuſed to admit my woman, whom the Duke repeatedly ſent to attend me: the moon which roſe, and ſhed a faint light through the gloomy windows of my apartment, ſaw me pale as its beams, and almoſt as inſenſible as the floor on which I lay extended;—thou vieweſt, ſaid I ſighing, chaſte orb, the walls of Raby, beholdeſt thou my ſiſters deploring their poor loſt Cicely; does the Counteſs weep my fate; my Lady St. Aubin, you in vain endeavoured my releaſe, alas! how ineffectually have you pleaded;—why did

nature beſtow ſo large a ſhare of that beauty on me, which but too well adorns the Nevilles?—it has been given us as a curſe.

But the ſervice I might render my country, my king, my father, now ſtruck like lightning thro' me,—to what might refuſal expoſe me? no longer bound to protect me, to what might paſſion, thus driven to deſpair, hurry his ardour?—Yet have not I ſworn, ſolemnly ſworn in the foreſt of Teesdale to love, and to love for ever?—Reflection was torture, I ſtruck my hand with violence againſt my forehead, and remained loſt in thought, then as if awaking, ſtarted and exclaimed, yes, Sir William too, who vowed he would be unto him a father, he would reproach my too eaſy conſent;—ah! no, no, he would bid the daughter ſave the father: it is a child's duty to ſacrifice love to filial piety, "ſo ſhall thy years be crowned with honour, and a parent's bleſſing guard thee;" now I prayed ardently to heaven, invoked departed ſaints to ſtrengthen my reſolutions,

then riſing from devotion felt awfully fixed: why ſhould I heſitate? adorned with every thing to captivate, this prince's mind is noble as his deſcent;—how will the Earl of Weſtmorland rejoice over his child, whoſe powerful influence reſcued her king, and ſaved her brave countrymen from deſtruction; will not the Counteſs exult as ſhe preſſes to her maternal boſom, the Dutcheſs of Orleans? —had he I lament, nay muſt ever lament, lived, would ſhe not have uttered a malediction as ſevere, as the Count d'Aranjeus againſt the fair Thereſa;—an outcaſt from my friends, I might, like her, have ſought a grave unpitied and undiſtinguiſhed, in ſome diſtant land;—to-morrow's ſun ſhall ſhine on my nuptials, ſo ſhall I produce the happineſs of others,—whatever may be my own.—Oh! can I bear to ſuppoſe a daughter of the heroic houſe of Neville, refuſed to ſacrifice every thing dear to her—for England!

The night wore faſt away, ſure the moon thought I is not ſet it is ſo dark; ah! now I ſee

I ſee it, but a black cloud croſſes her orb, ſhe emerges from it,—ſo ſhall I to-morrow.

I now leant upon the window and throwing it open, ſtood to view the paſſing clouds, as they ſcudded before the wind, which ſhook the ivy that ſhaded my caſement; the owl ſhrieked from the battlements; and a ſad, a bitter recollection ruſhed thro' my mind,—ſuch a night it was, when led by Thomalin we eſcaped the ruffian ſcots, and ſought the cell of the good Ambroſe:—now methought I ſaw the inverted proſpect in the river, and marked with joy, the friendly taper of the hermit; I ſtill felt the ſupporting arm of my lover;—I ſighed moſt bitterly, and audibly exclaimed;—"behold, O thou, I ſtill, even in death, love, what this ſacrifice coſts me; yes if thy ſpirit is permitted to witneſs my ſufferings, thou wilt know this trial is more ſevere than any other miſery could inflict."

I heard my ſighs re-echoed, my pulſe beat quicker,

quicker,—I ſaw a figure, for my diſordered fancy repreſented to me a phantom; it bore the exact image of him I was bewailing, and whoſe ſpirit at this moment ſeemed to appear, to anſwer my invocation.—" Lady Cicely," it ſaid, or ſeemed to ſay, and the voice my heart uſed to vibrate to, ſeemed again to ſtrike thro' it,—my arm no longer ſupported my head, I fainted and fell upon the floor, how long I remained in this ſtate, I know not, but at day break found myſelf in the arms of the Duke, and attended by his ſervants.

" Ah! my Lord, I faintly ſaid, urge me no further, I mean to comply with your wiſhes, I ev'n wiſhed for morning to receive your proffered vows:—but his ſpirit, bleſſed, bleſſed ſpirit, left the abodes of bliſs, to warn me of broken vows.—Oh! no my Lord, I muſt not marry; the poor Cicely muſt ſeek the watery grave of her lamented lover;—never, never more ſhall I claſp him to theſe arms;—but we ſhall meet in heaven."—

The Duke imagined the agitation of my mind, had unſettled my brain, and leaving me, I was put to bed;—after a ſleep of a few hours, I awaked more compoſed tho' deeply dejected;—certain I had ſeen the ghoſt of my departed lover;—I aroſe, and found the prince ready to ſet forward upon his journey.

"Hear me, I cried my Lord, nor ſearch further into reaſons I cannot unbluſhingly avow,—I had reſolved laſt night to grant your requeſt, but now am I convinced our union would be horror,—Cicely can never be wife to the Duke of Orleans.—I entreat your friendſhip, entreat you will reſtore me to my family, or, refuſing, place me in a convent, there will I invoke a bleſſing on you, prayers and ſighs are all that's left me."

"Wait, ſaid he fiercely, wait my return from the ſlaughter of your countrymen, whom you thus devote to deſtruction;—hither

hither perhaps I may lead in chains your raſh, ill-adviſed king, Harry of Monmouth; who preſumed to diſpute with an handful of ſoldiers, the right of Valois to the throne of France, he will doubtleſs thank you, yes he will thank you, for the intereſt you ſo kindly uſed in his favour."

"Ah! why this unneceſſary cruelty," I replied.——

"Why rather, rejoined he, this cruelty on your ſide? did you feel the pangs of jealous love I feel, you would then know whom to pity; yet think not, even you ſhall enjoy my miſery; you alſo ſhall ſuffer; ſhut in the tower next the river, at leiſure repent your wayward humours; there can no lover reach you; you ſhall not hate without a cauſe, —this ſword when next you greet it ſhall be dyed in blood,—your kindred's blood,—then hate,—then curſe."—

I wept,—"hate you my Lord, ſo may I meet

meet heaven's mercy, as my prayers ſhall in your abſence, importune heaven and all its bleſſed ſaints, for your return in ſafety.—Ah, no,—no alas, I feel I cannot, do not hate you, yes Cicely, when ſhe ſhall join the name of Valois with that of Neville in her prayers, let her not be praying for the murderer of her race;—let not that hand be dyed with the blood of her father;—kneeling at your feet I ſolemnly conjure you, to ſpare him, to guard the Earl of Weſtmorland;—or —a daughter's curſe may fall heavily on him, my heart would fain eſteem and pity."

The Duke who was juſt before red with anger, on whoſe countenance was diſplayed jealouſy, and every tormenting paſſion, melted almoſt into tears as he raiſed and preſt me to his boſom.

" Cicely, he ſaid in a tremulous voice, you unman me;—by what magic do you bewitch me?—I muſt be gone, whilſt I feel the reſolution.—Power and ambition fade before

fore you; at the hazard of my life will I guard the father of my love,—grant me then this one embrace, it is a firſt, perhaps it may be a laſt one; my ſoul ſadly preſages, that again I ſhall not behold the towers of Bidet, or beholding them, never ſhall I again view her, who alone can render them dear to me."

"Preſage not thus, I replied, we ſhall meet again, and wear (tying round him a ſcarf, which had been the employment of my leiſure hours at Bidet to embroider,) wear my Lord this, as a teſtimony of that friendſhip, you perhaps will not accept, nay you have refuſed; yet I entreat you my Lord to wear this,—yes, to wear it when at the head of the French army; when you oppoſe your proweſs to the Engliſh, looking then on this ſcarf, ſhall you recollect the promiſe you have made, and turn aſide the weapons that point at the father, of the ill ſtar'd maiden, over whoſe tear-fraught eyes, and throbbing heart you have hung in tender pity and gentle forgiveneſs."

" This is indeed an invaluable preſent, can I forget the daughter of the Earl of Weſtmorland,—forget her pious care,—it will preſerve me, be á ſacred taliſman in the field of battle;—it ſhall ſolace me in retirement, cheer me in the camp,—and ſhould I return:—but I will urge no more,—farewell deareſt of women,—think on and confide in me;—again he preſt me to his boſom; then haſtily quitted me, as if afraid to ſtay longer.—

I went to the battlements of the tower, ſaw him mount, and quickly loſt ſight of him in the foreſt.

Here my dear Matilda, let me reflect what were my feelings, when ſitting upon the battlements which overlooked the Loire;—left a priſoner, yet without a force to guard me from the chance of war; perhaps a few hours and I might be in the power of ſome new ruffian, impetuous as was the Duke, without thoſe qualities

which rendered him the idol of the French, who looked up to his valour for their ſafety and their honour.

Generous and brave, his ſoldiers adored him;—his affability gained him the hearts of his dependants, who would have laid down their lives for his ſervice;—warm and impetuous in his projects, whatever he conceived was immediately executed, regarding neither difficulty nor danger, poſſeſſing in his own mind uncommon reſources,—endowed with amazing ſtrength and activity, and a ſoul which ſought and braved the greateſt hazards, he deſpiſed the weak and timid, expecting the ſame undaunted ſpirit, ſhould animate his domeſtics as fired himſelf;—early his own maſter, he had never known controul, nor could he brook it.—He knew no ſovereign but his own will,—and ruled a nation over which he did not reign.

What hopes of eſcaping from this impetuous prince, whilſt you read this, beloved Matilda,

Matilda, I will recollect the following event of a life ſo ſtrangely varied, mean while may all the ſaints have you in keeping, prays your

CICELY.

END OF VOL. I.